The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1646 AUG. 8, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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**The Empire's Illustrated Weekly** Volume CXXVI No. 1646 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, August 8, 1931

# LONDON EMPTY

## A Lonely Idyll in Trafalgar Square on August Bank Holiday

The great exodus to sea and country by coach, rail and foot left London something of a deserted city in certain hours of August Bank Holiday. A wandering photographer happened upon this charming example of the art of being happy within the limitations of circumstance—a tiny Londoner entertaining a party of pigeons in London's great piazza

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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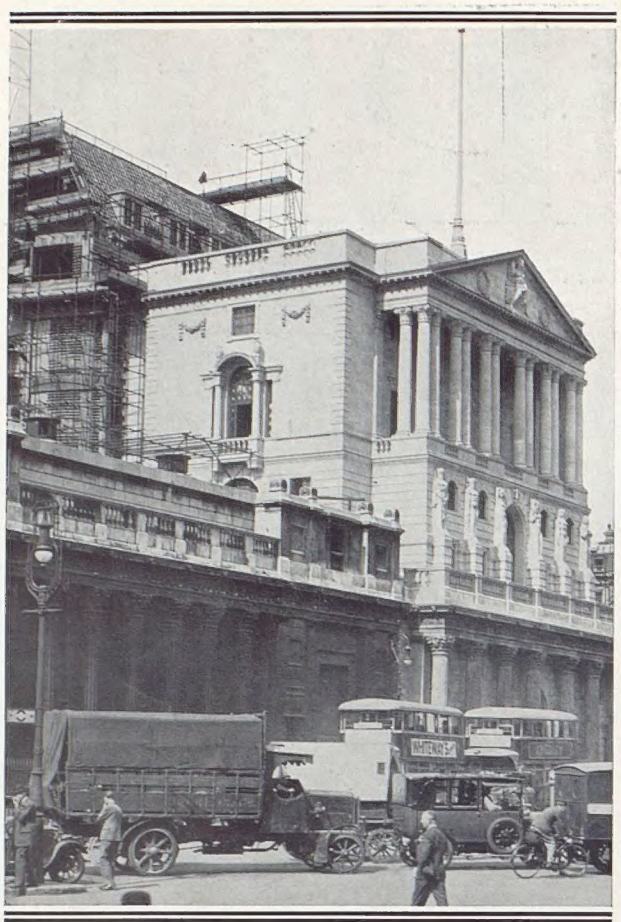
# A London Newsletter



THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: The Bank of England—whose new structure is now nearing completion—has been the focus of many minds during the last few days, when the agreement between the Bank of France, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of England gave a gentle tonic to the Stock Market. The agreement between the world's leading financiers is based on the German situation

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 5, 1931.

**The May Report.**—Sir George May's Economy Committee has dropped a bomb into every political camp and the wigwams of a score of vested interests.

It estimates, on unequivocal facts, a budget deficiency next April of 120 millions and it has set out to effect economy in national expenditure to the tune of nearly 100 millions. To secure this saving, it clearly shows that any further shelving of the dole problem is impossible. Two-thirds of its retrenchment is an item of 66 millions to be saved on unemployment insurance. The rest is largely made up of savings on the education vote, the roads, and the pay of the fighting services. The morning after this bombshell burst, it was clear that no political party dare support the recommendations to any significant extent, that the Trades Unions and the Left Wing would resist any and every proposed cut in social services, and that every single body of workers threatened would resist sacrifice to the last ditch. Doctors, teachers, police, service men, builders, civil servants, unemployed enter on the holiday season in furious, fighting, outraged mood. We are now assured that next April not less than 60 millions of new money must be found from fresh direct taxation.

**Economy.**—So one more committee—set up as usual to defer unpleasant questions and embarrassing action—has issued its report. As usual, it has embarrassed and divided the Government which has created and used it to gain time, and as usual (I doubt not) much of its toil will be labour thrown away and its proposals emasculated. The Economy Committee's findings are another example of facing the facts, of preferring statesmanship to stop-gapsmanship; but though we hover on the verge of a crater, the report is unlikely to come up for public discussion until November. It is extraordinary and painful to reflect that the only examples of clear thinking, courage and statesmanship in modern administration are to be found in these Royal Commissions and Committees, and that not five per cent. of their wisdom gets through the net of party strategy. The Economy Committee to a great extent covers the ground of the Dole Commission and can reasonably expect the same treatment for its chief specific. Its Civil Services proposals will be ground covered by the Civil Service Commission. Its drastic curtailment of housing, health and education subsidies will be a proposal far too dangerous to the peace of an already divided Government to receive serious attention, and any cuts in fighting services vote must await the development of the idea of disarmament. In a word, *imputantur — et pereunt.*

**A Libel on the Public.** — There is one point, which is stressed by ministers and echoed by leading newspapers in considering this important report, which I confess makes my blood boil. That is the assumption that the findings of the committee "will at long last bring the *public* to a sense of the extreme gravity of our financial position and of the vital need for economy, etc." I italicized the word "public"; it is that word that enrages me. Good heavens, there is no need to awaken the *public* to a sense of our grave position. The public has long since been aware of the danger. It is the politicians, the party war-leaders, the mandarins, the vested interests, who need lashing and stabbing into a sense of their obligations and our needs. It is an insult to the public — the hardy, tried nation — to charge it with callous indifference, when its one preocupation is to sweep away the Government that cannot see and will not act. Mr. Snowden gave a sufficiently grave warning last February. Six months have elapsed since then and his Government's main economy achievements consist in totally shelving the Dole Report! Now, he frankly admits that no Government dare risk votes in a wholesale economy campaign unless it has the support of the rival parties. Therein is the party system exposed in all its rottenness.

**Why was Charing Cross?** — The Charing Cross Bridge Scheme is dead. Who killed the Scheme? I, said tardy Economy, with my little axe, I killed the Scheme. And the public decides that it was justifiable homicide. But what could we not accomplish if we might have back all the energy and fire we have expended in the past years in discussing and quarrelling over rival schemes for rationalizing Charing Cross? In one way, the Charing Cross Bridge scheme and the Channel Tunnel belong to the same category. They have been topics —almost *Silly Season* topics—fanned to fever heat by three generations of Englishmen. It is the most unfortunate obsession of Governments, local Governments, committees and public bodies that their *raison d'être* is to achieve something, to act, to leave a permanent memorial, as expensive as possible, of their term of office.

**A Fatal Obsession.**—This obsession has cost us dear since the war. If only these bodies were convinced of the wisdom of masterly inactivity, how we should praise them, how high we should rate them! The Channel Tunnel scheme is dead for another generation at least, and the world is not the poorer. Is it impious to ask whether the Charing Cross Bridge Scheme, if suffered to lapse, might not be *solutus ambulando?* In another generation, for all we know to the contrary, the speed-tracks which have disfigured England may be moss-covered lanes again and the sky dark with traffic. How do we know that by the time the Bridge, threatened by disgruntled Sir Percy, is finished, there will be any need for foot or rail or road bridges across the Thames? Let us fold our hands round official committee tables and do nothing at all, for, depend upon it, scientific invention will nullify our most careful plans and we are merely throwing millions into the Thames. Let the Improvements Committee of the L.C.C. re-christen itself the "Preservation Committee," and let the Government borrow the great idea and become a "Conservative Government." Then the Charing Cross Bridge Scheme will not have died in vain.

**Lord Knutsford.**—So much has been written of Lord Knutsford that nothing remains to tell but precious personal memories. For a quarter of a century he was to me a friend, a stimulus, an example. His great qualities were humanity, courage, breadth of mind, and a hatred of shams and pretensions. He was the contemporary of all young persons who were keen, natural, and interested in human nature. For him the years created no barrier, caused no handicap. Twenty-five years ago I first met him outside his grouse butt, and that evening I was made his fellow conspirator in one of his nefarious card tricks. There never was a better companion on the hill, and my last memory of his company outside London is a glorious day on Cairngorm when the snow lay on the tops and we bagged 13 brace of ptarmigan, and as we turned homeward he and his twin-brother beguiled the way and enchanted the ghillies with catches and part songs. It was a joy to meet and walk with him slowly through London, to hear his talk and his stories and his new ideas, to listen to him playing the clarinet or watch him trying out his magic arts, or to be in his company under any circumstances.

**An Enemy of Shams, Pomp, and Vanity.**—It remains a joy to remember his favourite dog which not only retrieved trout but carried verbal messages to his servant; and his stories of how he raised the wind for his hospital by gambling on the chance that the public would show a sense of humour equal to his own; and those frank comments, sometimes personal, which only offended the egotist and the inordinately vain. He was as good a story teller as any who practised that highly technical art. For he had the pith and wit and terseness of his forbear, Sydney Smith, from whom he inherited and was proud to inherit those qualities in full measure, and he had the dramatic sense as well. Shams and showing-off he detested. He hated the exploitation of tiny child bridesmaids to satisfy parental vanity and he disliked memorial services and pompous funerals. If ever a man was indispensable, it was surely he, now in this sad, drab, selfish age, when courage and wit and humanity, energy and imagination and generosity are so sorely needed.

**The Solent's Charm.** — The Solent, at the moment of writing, is the centre of interest. The blue of its water is visible from the Trundle on Goodwood racecourse, and several sportsmen of initiative watched the Stewards Cup run and slept on board yachts in Cowes Roads. When the sun shines the Solent is irresistible. That sand-spitted bottle-neck which divides the Needles and Alum Bay (of coloured sand fame) from Hurst Castle has all the charm of Grecian waters, while the Hampshire rivers, Lymington and Beaulieu, invite you into their mouths with the sweetest appeal. Lymington harbour is the headquarters of the junior yachtsman — the keen, single-handed amateur—as Cowes is of the professional. I know nothing more jolly than the busy activity on an August evening among the scores of little craft in Lymington River. As for Beaulieu, it leads you to Bucklers' Hard, and that little place, the cradle of our shipbuilding industry, is Blue-water romance in a nutshell. As for the Isle of Wight itself, now that I no longer live there, I can confess that its charms are too little known. In the centre of the island you can become lost in an enchanting, remote, and unspoilt countryside of pretty villages lost in the folds of downs, with Norman churches and miniature Tudor manor houses, one more inviting than the last. None is more alive to its charms than the Queen. In fact, for all its nearness to London, the Solent is the centre of the least spoilt countryside in England. The New Forest protects Hampshire from suburbanization; the great landlords of West Sussex, Lord Leconfield, the Dukes of Richmond and Norfolk, and Lord Cowdray, maintain the eighteenth-century atmosphere there, and the narrow sleeve of blue water keeps inviolate the old-time charm of Wight.

**West Sussex's Week.**—The physical and mental endurance that can achieve four days' continuous racing is beyond my comprehension, but at Goodwood I get nearer to understanding how it is done. For Goodwood is racing without tears, the layman's paradise. Partly it is the glorious air which banishes fatigue, and that soft, emerald, resilient turf which never invites the question: "How's your poor feet?" Partly it is the view in every direction and the ease with which you can see the race from start to finish in all its strangely dilatory progress. But there is something more in the magic of Goodwood, a softening influence which mellows the most hardened racegoer. There is none of the professionalism of Newmarket, nor the snobbery of Ascot. No one, I think, properly realizes the heavy handicap of dress. Comfortable, suitable, unconventional clothes make comfortable and kindly folk. And when the racing is over, the house parties of West Sussex meet again in the evening before the ruins of old Cowdray, and watch the polo on that pleasant ground where formerly Queen Elizabeth and Lady Kildare shot fat buck and scratched each other's eyes out. Altogether a great and sane and kindly week in West Sussex.

THE KYLSANT CASE: The crowd outside the Old Bailey when it became known that Lord Kylsant had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment and Mr. Morland had been acquitted. Lord Kylsant is appealing against the sentence and has been released, after one night in prison, in bail of £10,000

**We Like Our English Weather.**—Thus said Callisthenes, speaking for once not so much for the nation as for the nation of shopkeepers. The weather must have encouraged shopping, but it is doubtful if the mere male—who is chiefly concerned with the dull, final, financial stage of shopping—can agree with Callisthenes after the experience of this year. In March we enjoyed the coldest snap for a generation, April was wet and devoid of sunshine, May was shiveringly cold, June was boisterous and stormy, July remains in our memory a recent bitter and still liquid blot. There have been four rainless week-ends in the year, there have been two days on which one might venture to have tea outside, five days on which tennis was tolerable on amateur grass courts, one night on which one might venture to reduce blankets to two. Is it radio, or the Government, or our sins (which are scarlet) that has inflicted this deep depression over every feature of our social life this fatal year?

THE OLD STAGER.

# *An Aerial* PICNIC



AFTER THE FLIGHT, THE BITE! Unpacking the tea from the locker of an Avro-Avian—none the worse for its rush through the air—on the now popular aerial picnic

*Specially pictured for "The Sphere" by Charles E. Brown*

AN ALFRESCO MEAL IN THE SHADE OF THE "BUS": The up-to-date way of taking one's friends for a picnic is by aeroplane, and by this means as many miles may be covered in the course of an afternoon as one would have formerly undertaken in a motor tour spreading over a couple of days or so. On the occasion when these pictures were taken a start was made from Hanworth Air Club, tea was taken at Sonning where there is a landing ground in the middle of the golf course, and the flight was continued to the coast. Inset above on left is an aerial impression of a flight over Windsor Castle

THE MOST WESTERLY POINT OF THE MAINLAND OF SCOTLAND: Ardnamurchan Point and Light, set among fjords and mountains which rival the scenery of Norway. The Cape juts out between Mull and Skye, south of Mallaig

THE LIGHTHOUSE POST: The postman of Dungeness, Kent, has a lonely existence, trudging over miles of shingle to deliver his letters. He wears "backstays" (boards strapped over his boots) to enable him to get a footing on the loose shingle. Dungeness Lighthouse is one of the places of delivery and the postman is seen wig-wagging to a Lighthouse keeper that a letter is for him

ON THE KYLE OF LOCH ALSH: The Lighthouse on the point on the mainland nearest to Skye. The main Skye traffic, however, goes *via* Mallaig and not past this Lighthouse

*Aerofilms*

A SAVIOUR IN JEOPARDY: St. Catherine's Lighthouse, I.O.W., is now but 800 yards from the zone of subsidence between Ventnor and Niton

"THE SHIP OF THE DESERT": A bogie driven by a sail, the sole means of communication between the Spurn Head Lighthouse community—a small maritime settlement—and Kilnsea, five miles away

# LIGHT-HOUSE LIGHTS

*Sentinels of Safety that Ring the English Coast*

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*Pictures by Aerofilms*

IN ASHDOWN FOREST: An aerial view of the Roman road running one mile north of King's Standing, Sussex

A ROMAN CAMP SEEN FROM THE AIR: This is on Dalk's Law, a hill some five miles west of St. Abb's Head, Berwickshire. It is noted on the Ordnance sheet as Ancient Fort but its antiquity is doubtful

***Mr. Ivan D. Margary, the distinguished archæologist, has stated the following facts about the large picture on this page:—***

The most interesting object here shown (which was only discovered by aerial photography) is the Roman road running almost parallel with the modern road. Note the ditches which show so plainly here, as two parallel lines. They are 60 feet apart and would be very hard to distinguish on the ground from the numerous old sunken tracks, but in the picture their purpose and alignment can be clearly seen. The road is of triple form here, the central 18 feet being raised and metalled, with the side spaces left unmetalled (afterwards discovered on the ground). The thick dark mark which straggles across the line of the Roman road is a medieval hollow way worn as much as six feet deep in places by the passage of pack-horse traffic. Note how it obliterates part of the Roman road, giving additional proof of the early origin of the road. The straight-sided enclosure (near the white marks caused by modern quarries) is of Early Iron Age date. The dark mark indicates the ditch (in shadow), with inner and outer banks (lighter because they reflect the evening sunlight), and the two entrances can be seen. Pottery of the date B.C. 100—A.D. 50 has been found in the ditches and the place was probably an agricultural settlement or cattle enclosure.

# ROMAN RELICS
## Discovered by
# AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

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*THE PROCESSION OF THE TOOTH: The sacred elephant (centre) bears on its back the shrine, housing it is said the Relic of the Tooth. Before the great beast a white carpet is unrolled that its feet may not be defiled by the ground. Music of many kinds attends the procession and—inevitable concomitants of Oriental religious processions — stilt-walkers and devil-dancers. The elephants are caparisoned with great magnificence*

# THE PEREHERA

## The Procession of Gautama's Sacred Tooth in Ceylon

In the sacred Temple of the Tooth (Dalada Maligawa) is enshrined the tooth of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist Way, and once every year this most precious and valued relic is taken in procession. This is called the Perehera. It takes place during the first fortnight in August, and dates from the time when Ceylon was ruled by a Singhalese King, before the coming of the British or the Dutch.

The Temple is a wonderful sight, lit by thousands of many-coloured lights, and stands near the lake—Kandy Lake—beautiful and baleful, mentioned in age-old legends and linked up with so many religions and superstitions, one of which runs that every year a sacrifice to Buddha is demanded, and never a year goes by but someone is drowned in the oily waters.

But see the lake by moonlight! Little ripples, moving shadow-lights, the reflection of the bund and palm trees make a picture seldom seen even in this land of reflection.

On Procession Night the lake is skirted for a short way, and the flickering lights of the torches are reflected in its waters. The elephants march along, nearly a hundred of them, all gaily caparisoned with rich stuffs and precious stones that scintillate in the light of the torches. There are devil-dancers, stilt-walkers, tom-tom beaters and, before all, the Kandyan chiefs, dignified men of ancient lineage, clad in wondrous hats and apparel of gold and silver.

One Perehera that I saw many years ago will remain in my memory for ever because of a song that was sung. I stayed at a hotel overlooking the lake and on the road by which the array of elephants passes on the way to the Mahavillaganga River, about three or four miles off, where a somewhat long ritual is gone through. Towards morning they all return to the Temple of the Tooth, that old, fascinating, fantastically built edifice which dominates the old city.

I was on the look-out for the return of the procession of elephants. They always seem so much part of the Perehera, with their slow and stately tread and swaying trunks. Far in the distance I heard the tink tonk, tink tonk of an elephant bell, scarcely discernible at first so far away it was, yet coming nearer and nearer in the silence. It seemed to enhance the beauty of the night. A full moon—the moon is always full for the Perehera —the night scented with the odour of a thousand tropical blossoms, the moonlit lake, the shadow of the bund rippling over the sides and the trees that grew on the water's edge, all blent to form the glamour of the East.

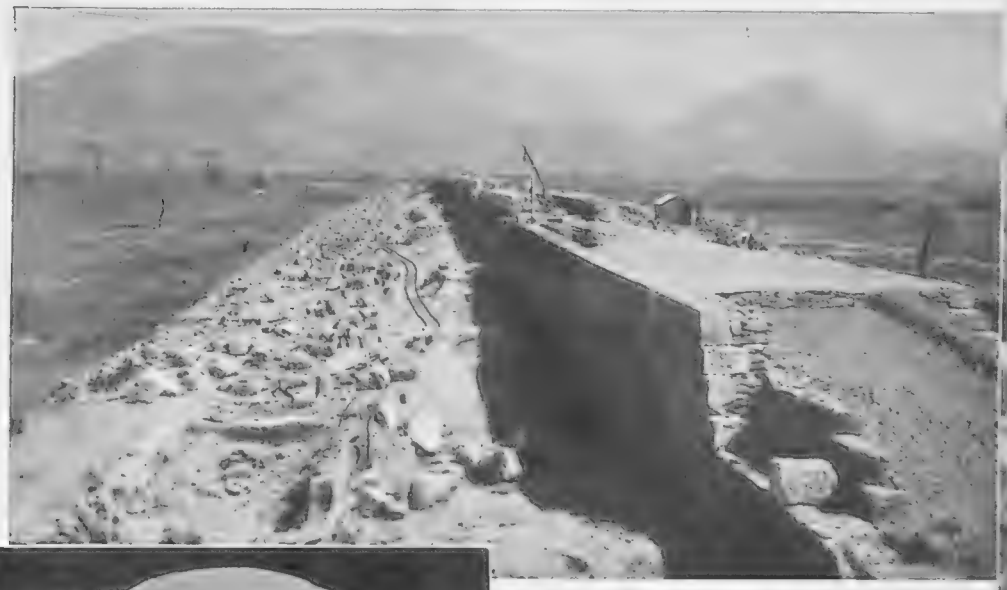
Then distinctly I heard a voice—and such a voice! A gloriously full tenor coming out of the shadowy distance and, as it drew nearer I could distinguish, almost with incredulity, the tune, "Way Down Upon the Swanee Riber." As the elephant came in sight I saw its mahout, a young Singhalese, driving it along leisurely and singing. His voice mingled in perfect harmony with the elephant bell—which emits not a loud, brassy penetrating noise, but almost a gentle sound, as the bell is of wood—and mingled with it all was the slur in the thick dust of the animal's great feet. The youth sang on, and a young Englishman, probably a tourist, who was sitting in the veranda, immediately below my window, waiting no doubt for the return of the worshippers as I was, joined in the tune, and sang baritone to the other. I listened, enthralled and delighted.

The elephant stopped, either by order of his rider, or because he thought there might be something to eat somewhere, and the white man and the yellow sang the song through from beginning to end without a spoken word passing between them. Then the elephant slurred off, twitching his immense ears with disappointment, and the beautiful young voice died away in the silence of the dim blue distance. By straining my ears I could hear every now and then the tink-tonk-tink of the elephant bell. I shall never forget the effect. But I have often wondered since where that young Singhalese boy learned his song, for though Singhalese is the Italian of the East, and they are all good singers like the Italians of the West, *this* voice was a trained one, and his song was one of ours.

**Theon de Cass.**

*THE EXODUS FROM THE TEMPLE: The sacred elephant that bears the shrine is gorgeously caparisoned with blue and silver trappings. It emerges for the procession once every August, at the full of the moon, and returns after the great religious festival*

*THE MAIN ARTERY OF PAESTUM REVEALED: The great progress made in the excavation of the Sicilian town of Paestum is clearly seen in this view. Especial attention has been paid of late to the revelation of the ancient streets. The great temples, familiar to visitors to* Magna Graecia, *stood on the main road of the ancient classical city*



*A SECTION OF THE CITY WALL: This has been removed from the ruins and partially restored. On right is one of the great capitals of the Italian Temple. Some of the carving has retained its ancient loveliness*

*BY A MASTER HAND: A head believed to have formed a décor of the* Niké Apteros *Temple*

This fine head was found a few days ago during the excavations in the "Greek zone" (the other one being excavated by Americans and called the "American zone") of the ancient Agora of Athens by the Greek archæologist M. Stavropoulos, who thinks that it comes from the Acropolis (transported for reasons unknown at times unknown), where it formed a part of the bas-reliefs adorning the temple of *Athena Niké* (Minerva Victory) commonly known as *Apteros* (Wingless), the famous work of Phidias or his pupils, Alcamenes and Callimachos

# EXCAVATING OLD Processional Ways at PAESTUM

**The Great Centre of Classical Architecture**

# HOW INDIA IS POLICED:

By P. M. STEWART :: Illus

*"The Sphere" presents below the pictorial account under which India is policed. Certain modifications the stress and strain of the past two months, bu of the constabulary forces of the grea*

Much is written and talked about the Indian Civil Service and the Indian Army, and only ignorance can decry the great work they have done and are doing. But the former would be unable to carry out the executive work of governing India, nor the latter the business of waging and preparing to wage wars, were it not for the existence of 180,000 trained and disciplined police who keep order, enforce law, and detect offences amid the 300,000,000 of India's population.

This police army, which outnumbers the military army, is commanded by 48 general officers, 328 majors and captains, 314 lieutenants, and 2,355 Indian superior officers; but the backbone of it is without any possible doubt 9,200 officers in charge of police stations sprinkled thinly over the whole surface of British India. The police station is the unit of criminal administration. It is commanded by an Indian officer known as the sub-inspector. Our first illustration shows a typical Indian police station with its complement of khaki-clad civil police, constables and head constables drawn up in front. Facing them is the sub-inspector, mounted on a white "tat" or country-bred pony. To the Indian man in the fields and lanes, the police station is familiarly known as the "Thannah" (pronounced tanna). The thannah, indeed, is an ancient institution of the country, and was known in pre-Mogul times. But, as a part of the machinery of British governance, it dates from 1792, when the Marquis of Cornwallis, the second governor-general of the company's territories, ordered his magistrates to divide up their districts into jurisdictions of 400 miles square and to plant one thannah in each for the preservation of law and order and the detection of offences.

A TYPICAL INDIAN POLICE STATION OR *THANNAH:* This is the unit of criminal administration. The sub-inspector is mounted on a white *tat* or country-bred pony

Even to-day the thannah, with its one officer and a handful of men, affords merely a skeleton of police for the countryside, but the skeleton is clothed with flesh in the shape of village watchmen or "chokeydars" of whom some typical specimens are shown in our next illustration. Each village has its hereditary watchmen whose business it is to keep awake at nights and give the alarm if thieves or robbers appear. They are armed with long staves metal-shod at each end, and sometimes with a heavy cutlass as in the picture. As they patrol singly or in couples they clear their throats and intermittently give vent to raucous cries, accompanying themselves as with cymbals by striking the butt-end of their staves on the sun-baked soil. On an average there are 100 chokeydary villages to each thannah.

So much for the police whose business is with prevention and detection of crime throughout the country. It was discovered after Lord Cornwallis's reforms of 1792 that, in a land like India, a purely civil police was ineffective to preserve the peace and perform all duties. For many years the military were constantly being called on to escort treasure and prisoners, to put down risings, and to furnish guards to magistrates and officials. This was expensive and bad for military discipline and training.

After long trial and error it was decided, after the Mutiny of 1857, to create a police in each district capable of doing all these quasi-military duties in addition to ordinary police-station work. This necessitated the employment of armed police, and to-day each district has a disciplined and trained company of armed musketeers. The next picture from left to right shows the District Commandant, the Indian officer of armed police (*soobedar*), and various grades of armed constabulary from jamadar to constable.

ARMED CONSTABULARY: stands on the left; on his left, the *Soobedar*

THE VILLAGE WATCHMEN OR *CHOKEYDARS:* They are armed with long staves metal-shod at each end and sometimes with a heavy cutlass in addition

For command purposes, all the thannahs in a district, as well as the armed force, are under a district commandant known officially as the superintendent of police, who has a right-hand man in an educated Indian officer (deputy superintendent) of the splendid type shown on the next page.

Officers of this class were only called into

HEADQUARTERS: stores, arms, an

# A Pictorial Survey of the Structural Organization of the Indian Constabulary System

## trated by R. WILKINSON

*sent by a correspondent, of the system may have enforcedly supervened during this may be taken as the basic structure dependency of the Empire*

The District Commandant or Indian officer

When the sun is high in the heavens and the heat almost crackles off the ground, the bugler is called up and sounds the welcome call of "Dismiss!" which releases regulars and recruits from the parade square to retire to the grateful shade of their quarters, to bathe according to their caste discipline, and then to eat that mid-day meal that is the mainstay of the Indian stomach.

THE RIGHT-HAND MAN OF THE DISTRICT COMMANDANT: He is an educated Indian officer of a very good type

Each district has one of these buildings where equipment for 1,000 men are maintained

This is where the wild and woolly youngsters of the district come when their moustaches begin to sprout, and they are fired with the ambition to wear the sarkar's uniform and serve in the ranks of the only forces of Government they have perhaps ever seen in their lives. Not everyone can be accorded such a privilege. There are fixed standards of height and chest measurement, and crooked characters as well as crooked bodies are rigorously ruled out. The District Commandant himself sees all recruits and passes them in, subject to the doctor, for a strenuous period of probation. On the right is a group of recruit boys with the superintendent of the district in their midst.

THE RAW MATERIAL FOR THE INDIAN POLICE: Recruits anxious to enlist, with the white superintendent in their midst

But out in the vast plains of the district and of every district the vigilant watchfulness of the civil police continues day and night. And all day long and often in the dark the superintendent receives reports and memos. of the state of crime, the state of politics, and all the cross-currents that may in a moment raise an angry sea of riot to spread tumult and disaster in the country.

Our last illustration pictures one of the ultimate filaments dangled by the police over the vast plains of India, apparently dead and sleeping, but ever quick to spring to strife. The chokeydar is on the look-out. He reports to the village, the village to the thannah, the thannah to the superintendent, and the machine of law and order is set in motion. But no one sees anything about it in the papers. The machine is a silent one.

*Right*—THE BUGLER: His most welcome call, especially in the heat of the day, is "Dismiss!"

THE ULTIMATE FILAMENT OF THE POLICE NETWORK: The *Chokeydar* on the look-out across the limitless plains of India

*PROJECTORS OF UTOPIA'S VISIT—ONE: Lady Astor, who wants Prohibition, and G.B.S., who wants Collectivism, visit Red Russia which is an officially dry and Collectivist country. They are seen among the leading faces of Muscovy—an amazing and dubiously eloquent physiognomical record of Sovietdom*

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

# WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

**THE TRIUMPH OF THE FRANC.**—The "Almighty Dollar," as Americans delight in implying the unlimited power of their money, has been pushed off the financial throne of Europe by the French franc. The same can be said of the pound sterling. The dollar is worth four shillings, the pound twenty, the franc—twopence! For the moment, that "tuppenny" franc is the absolute financial monarch of Europe. And such are the conditions in America and in Britain, that the franc has successfully defied an alliance of dollar and sterling.

When, if ever, the secret history of France's financial diplomacy of the last few weeks is written, it will be interesting reading indeed. It will reveal that suddenly drawing the "gold rivets" from the economic structure of another nation—withdrawal of short-term credits—can be just as effective as if a powerful magnet suddenly drew the iron rivets from the steel plates of the hull of a ship. It is a new type of war, and terribly potent, if the other side has laid itself open to such tactics.

America's effort to dominate the European situation, especially to intervene for Germany with President Hoover's proposal of a one-year moratorium for German Reparations and Allied war debts, was deeply resented by France, and successfully paralyzed by Paris. Britain's strong support of America was no less resented.

Paris opened the "gold war" on London. It revealed to the public that we have borrowed heavily from France—loans and short credits aggregating around £80,000,000. The attack on the pound sterling began. At this writing, close to £30,000,000 gold has been drawn from the Bank of England, and mostly flown to Paris. "Flown" is no exaggeration, for much of it went by special armed 'planes. It was a frontal attack on the pound sterling, and at the same time a flank attack on Germany, since it forced British creditors of Germany to withdraw credits given to the Germans.

It was magnificent, however deplorable, strategy by France to establish French financial supremacy, and to force the acceptance of French political views with especial reference to Germany.

At the London Conference ten days ago, of Colonel Stimson, the American Secretary of State, Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the American Treasury, Premier Laval, M. Briand, Dr. Bruening, Dr. Curtius, Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Henderson, it was obvious that the French were masters of the situation—for the moment. French diplomatic and financial strategy had so manœuvred, that even Britain and America together, however powerful, could not risk giving Germany the £100,000,000 long-term loan she needs, until Germany and France have come to an understanding. That is where France wanted Germany. The "credit war" was to make Germany pliable to the French political demands. Those demands granted, France could give Germany that £100,000,000 loan or long-term credit, even without the help of Britain and America. That is France's dominant position in Europe at the moment.

Bitter as it is to us, galling as it must be to the Americans with their faith in the "Almighty Dollar," the "tuppenny franc" has usurped the financial throne.

**SPAIN'S WOMAN PIONEER.**—Señora Clara Campoamor, pioneer woman barrister in Madrid, has blazed yet another trail for her countrywomen by succeeding in the recent elections as the first woman to be returned as deputy in Republican Spain.

Women. themselves inclined to be conservative, sentimental, pillars of tradition, are, contrarily enough, usually amongst the chief and earliest beneficiaries of revolution. Without exception all post-War Revolutions, Russia, Germany, Turkey, for instance—now Spain, have sponsored the rapid and effective emancipation of woman, hastening her progress by generations.

The Spanish woman has so far enjoyed very few opportunities and little, if any, encouragement to progress. She has been the least-emancipated of the European sisterhood, and the most suppressed by church and tradition. Revolution is liberating her. Republican Spain has a woman director of prisons, and now a woman deputy, both within a few months. Undoubtedly the Señora Campoamor would have been an irrepressible pioneer in any land. She was the first professional woman journalist in Spain before she entered the law, which has served as a stepping-stone to Parliamentary honours.

"I am going to fight for equality and the complete emancipation of women," she declares. "This time women were eligible for election but themselves had not the right to vote." Her constituents are almost exclusively peasants and small landowners in the district of San Martin de Valde Iglesias.

**TEA.**—The Prince of Wales remarked in San Paulo, during his South American tour, that the British are not "a great coffee-drinking people." Perhaps out of consideration for the feelings of his coffee-growing hosts, he refrained from adding that his father's subjects are irrevocably addicted to tea.

Five cups of tea a day, more than nine pounds of tea a year, is the average tea-consumption *per capita* in Great Britain. Since a *per capita* calculation is reckoned on a basis of population including children, infants, invalids, those unable to drink, or too poor to buy their quota of tea, these figures of the Imperial Economic Tea Report imply that the annual consumption of regular tea-drinkers must individually be a good deal greater. Twenty years ago, the annual *per capita* consumption was 6.4 pounds; now it is 9.20 pounds.

Australia comes second with 8.16 pounds per head, New Zealand and the Irish Free State third, with 7.9 pounds. Newfoundland 5.46 pounds, Canada 4.1 pounds, Holland 3.1 pounds. I am sure that Morocco's 2.31 pounds a head *per annum* brews more than an average of five cups of tea a day. Their delicious weak green tea, flavoured with mint, served sweet and hot in small glasses is, strangely enough, the most cooling beverage in that scorching summer climate.

The United States, one of the world's biggest coffee customers, consumes only 0.75 pounds of tea *per capita*. But I imagine they get four times the number of cups from one ounce that we do in England. Americans like weak tea.

The Russians drink their tea weak, too, with lemon, so their moderate 0.60 pound annually does not mean that all our ideas about Russian sociability round the tea-pot, are necessarily exaggerated. In China and Japan, cradles of tea-culture, no more than a pinch of green tea-leaves is used for an individual brew.

In 1929, the exports of tea from the British Empire amounted to over 633,000,000 pounds. From India and Ceylon 380,000,000 pounds. The remainder came from Nyasaland, South Africa and Tanganyika. Seventy-three per cent. of the world's exports are from India and Ceylon, 18·6 per cent. from Sumatra and Java, and only 8 per cent. from China.

Tea, the "beverage of the intellectual" according to de Quincy, has never had such a struggle for popularity in Britain as had coffee. The latter, believed to have been introduced by the Turks, was condemned by the British Government of the seventeenth century, who declared by proclamation that it was "objectionable for men and Christians to turn Turks." In reality, the Government feared the coffee-houses, alleged to be hot-beds of treason and intrigue. Yet as former resorts of merchants, some of the old coffee-houses developed into important commercial exchanges, including Lloyds.

**EATING BY LAW.**—How long does it take for a pork chop to become naturalized? Some people might say, that is predetermined by the nationality of the accommodating pig, or conferred post-mortem by the nationality of the consumer. The proprietor of the Japanese restaurant, "Arashi Yama," served pork-cutlets against the regulation prohibiting Japanese restaurants from serving any kind of foreign dish. The Tsukiji police demanded how he dared to do it. The restaurateur maintained that since he served pork chops with Japanese chop-sticks on Japanese trays to Japanese customers, he had come to look upon the pork chop as a naturalized Japanese dish. The police maintained that it is an alien delicacy, and closed his shop temporarily.

On the same day the same police court was called upon to decide whether a girl is not a girl if you call her "Boy-san"—Mr. Boy. The owner of the Bar Nigero in Tokio employed a few girls there with close-cropped hair like boys. He called them waiters, because there was an ordinance forbidding the employment of waitresses in that Bar. Customers called for "Boy-san" to bring this, that, or the other, as is usual in Japan. Later the police found out. Questioned as to how he ever expected to get away with such flagrant contempt for the law, the owner of the Bar contended that his girls were boys. They looked like boys with their short hair, and he called them "Mr. Boy." To which the police chief replied that girls are girls, girls are waitresses, waitresses are waitresses, and waitresses are prohibited in the Bar Nigero.

**A JAPANESE IDEALIST.**—While Princess Kikuko Asaka travelled with all the traditional picturesque formality of a Japanese Royal maiden, to report her betrothal to the Sun Goddess Amaterasu and to worship at Shrines and Imperial Mausolea on her way, a Japanese Viscount's daughter and a Chinese Princess were blazing a new trail of emancipation and modernization for daughters of the Far Eastern aristocracy. Mikiko Yamaoka, grand-daughter of Tesshu Yamaoka, the famous statesman, swordsman, and a hero of the Meiji Restoration, is the first girl of noble birth to work as a café waitress in Japan.

Prince Hsien Te's daughter, Shu Ming, believes that girls as well as boys should earn their own livelihood when old enough. This independent Princess does not, however, approve the way the so-called "modern girls" are living, declaring that she is making a serious business of her freedom and career.

# The AUSTRO-GERMAN CUSTOMS UNION on TRIAL at the HAGUE

THE PRESIDENT OF THE APPELLATION COURT: Signor Massimo Pilotti (left) and (right) M. Jules Basdevant, the distinguished French jurist

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF JAPAN: Baron Adasti, who is one of the few members of his race not to be clean shaven, at least as to the chin. He heads his country's delegation

THE CHIEF OF RECEPTION: Mynheer van Moort, who wields considerable power. He is seen in his braided uniform wearing his chain of office

ANGLO-ITALIAN: Sir Cecil Hurst (left) with Signor Scialoja and Signor Massimo Pilotti exchange a joke in the portals of the Peace Palace at The Hague

IN SESSION: The only close-up picture taken in the Peace Palace. Seated at the central desk is Professor Bruns, the Teutonic advocate for the legality of the Customs Union

RECORDING THE PERSONALITIES: The distinguished French artist, Marthe Antoine Gérardin, sketching in the Palais

THE DELEGATES OF AUSTRIA: Dr. Kauffman, who leads the Austrian delegation, and behind, Professor Hans Sporl of the University of Vienna

FRANCE SITS AT THE TABLE: The ex-Minister, M. Paul Boncour, who is the exception to prove the rule of French political ugliness

*The Permanent Court of International Justice is sitting on a question that may have a far-reaching effect on the economic policies of Europe. This is the legality of the proposed Customs Union (not a political Anschluss) between Austria and Germany. The question is being considered in relation to the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germains. The Court is sitting under the presidency of Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, of the "Outlawing War" Pact fame.*

# THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COAS

*THE LIFE-SAVING COMPANY, arrived at the scene of wreck with rocket apparatus (which is carried in two carts), comes into action. These are sometimes drawn by horses if available and if the country is suitable.* Below: *While waiting for the company to assemble an attempt is made to establish line communication with the ship in distress by means of a light rocket. The equipment for this is rushed to the spot in a car by such coastguardsmen as may be spared under the circumstances and any volunteer help immediately available*

*ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION: Restoration of the apparently drowned by the Schäfer method in which every man is trained*

*THE LITTLE WHITE-WASHED COTTAGES of the coastguards are typical of and harmonious with the white cliffs of Albion*

It is the coastguard who furnishes officials with all the necessary information and operates the modern rocket apparatus which supplements the efforts of the lifeboat. No longer is it a naval force, nor does it have to concern itself with the prevention of smuggling. Its primary concern to-day is life-saving duty, but its officers and men still give various other departments all the assistance possible, providing, of course, it does not interfere with their specific and all important duty of saving life. An organization is formed in London, controlled by a chief inspector and deputy, both of whom are retired naval officers. The coast of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is divided into twelve divisions under the supervision of these two senior officers. Each division has an inspector, drawn also from the ranks of retired naval

# TGUARDS :

## This Picturesque and Popular Body, Famed for Their Meritorious Service, is Not Likely to be Extended by the Present Government

*A VISIBLE SIGNAL OF A SHIP IN DISTRESS and calling out of the Volunteer Life-Saving Company—the Union Jack on the yardarm is replaced by a red flag at the mast-head*

*Pictures by Charles E. Brown*

*THE LOOK-OUT : With his eye to his powerful telescope, the watch-keeper sits in his "tower of silence." Above, a volunteer is seen descending the cliff ladder*

officers. These various divisions are subdivided into a specific number of districts which take in certain coastguard stations. Where it is not possible to erect a station, auxiliary watch-keeping depots and rocket-apparatus stations have been put up under the control of volunteers. Each subdivision is again divided into a given number of districts, according to the nature of the coast and the quantity of sea-traffic likely to be involved in danger. It is interesting to note that in certain quarters there is still in existence an old coastguard service, known as the Naval Shore Signal Service, controlled by the Admiralty, which undertakes to assist the new force in maintaining a watch for life-saving purposes. Although modern coastguard officers to-day have to work harder, they have a distinct advantage over their pre-war brothers. Of approximately fifty-two district officers in the present-day service, a few are retired naval officers, but the majority are promoted inside the service from the ranks of the station officers, certainly a great incentive to keenness and ambition. Special arrangements are in force for various coastguard stations near wireless establishments to pass on, by various means to subsidiary stations nearer to the wreck than the main station, particulars contained in S O S messages received over the wireless. The system has now been brought up to a very fine pitch of perfection, and smooth running is assured. Every officer in the coastguard service is a British sea fishery officer under the Act. The men of this new force are expected to be quite tolerable signallers, not quite up to the standard required in the Navy, but at least equal to that usually found in first-class merchant ships. This is a point strongly enforced. The age limit is forty-five years, but an exception is made in the case of men who have served in the Royal Naval Shore Signal Service, for those men are the pick of the old coastguard force, with whose service the Admiralty are usually very unwilling to dispense. One of the numerous duties undertaken by coastguards is the attention which has to be given to the telephone cables that still connect a few of the lightships with the shore. These have to be regularly tested and maintained for actual distress signals and also for wireless telephony, which is at present finding increased favour and is being fitted in all lightships.

F. G. B.

**The Coastguards have always been a very popular institution, and the Departmental Committee's Report, which has just been published, will be read with interest by all those who have intimate connections with the sea and coast. The report, which has come into being owing to the loss of a vessel in Lantivet Bay in August of last year, states that it considers that the Coastguards' Service is thoroughly efficient, but it would not advocate a continuous chain of Coastguard stations to cover the whole coast. Judging from recent replies in the House, it would appear that the Government is not inclined to extend the present system**

# The SURVEY of the SPHERE

*RECONSTRUCTION AFTER THE NAPIER EARTHQUAKE: A general view of the now partially cleared area taken from Shakespeare Hill. The temporary tin offices will, in time, be replaced by permanent new buildings*

*THE THIRD CHURCH ON ONE SITE IN THREE YEARS: The new wooden edifice of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. The first was demolished by fire just after completion two years ago, and the second had not been quite finished when the earthquake and subsequent flames reduced it to ruins*

*NEW ENGLAND DEALS WITH THE REDS: A demonstration held in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in connection with a strike at the Royal Weaving Plant, was dispersed in short order by the constabulary. Ten arrests—four of them women—were made. The striker seen above encountered an unyielding policeman's fist*

*AT THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION: These little girls are trained in the traditional evolutions of their national dances from the age of four. A troop of them, together with the barbarically gorgeous dresses and the outlandish music that are their ballets' concomitants, form one of the most attractive features of the International Colonial Exhibition in the Bois de Vincennes*

*ACROBATS FROM A LAND CIVILIZED BY FRANCE: A procession of natives of Dahomey—once the centre of the slave trade and human sacrifice, now an orderly French colony. It runs between Ashanti and Sierra Leone. This is one of the many interesting, instructive, and entertaining features of the great Colonial Exhibition in Paris*

*Preserving the*

# WINDMILLS

*of the World*

A PICTURESQUE POST-MILL AT MARCKE, PAS DE CALAIS: This is one of the most picturesque of mills existing in the North of France. It is shingle covered, and the various projections house the flour dressing and other machinery. The whole of the upper structure turns on the simple post, the base of which is concealed inside the white "round house" which protects the sub-structure. The upper part can be turned by the pole at the rear. The mill was fully sailed up at the moment when this picture was taken, the miller stopping the mill for a few minutes while the picture was obtained

FIVE-SAILED MILL AT WEINBOHLA, SAXONY: Some years ago, when the "cap" of this mill was blown off, the villagers subscribed towards the cost of a new one. It is now out of use and owned by the Saxon Heimatschutz, which allows it to be used as a hostel for hikers, under the care of the quondam miller, an idea which could with advantage be followed in this country. The cap is turned by means of a hand winch on the top floor. Five-sailed mills are said to have been first built by John Smeaton, builder of Eddystone Lighthouse

KLEIN-WOLKAU, PRUSSIA: This red brick "tower-mill" was built on the site of an old "post-mill" in 1886. The Germans call a post-mill a "Deutsche Muhle" and a tower-mill a "Hollandische Muhle." In the tower-mill only the top or "cap" carrying the sails turns so that the sails can face the wind. This mill has a "fantail," an English invention which automatically turns the cap when the wind changes. The sails have shutters which work like a Venetian blind, instead of sail-cloths, another English invention

SKANSEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM: An old Swedish post-mill, typical of those still at work in the island of Oland. Sail-boards are used instead of cloths. This is the earliest type of mill in which the box-like body containing all the machinery is turned on a central post by means of a tail-pole, so that the sails may face the wind

BETWEEN HELSINGBORG AND GOTEBORG, SWEDEN: This beautiful old Swedish "smock-mill" has a "cap" like Turks-head and a well-braced pole at the back to turn it round. The sides of the mill are thatched, and the sail-cloths, when spread, cover the lattice work of the sails. A smock-mill is so called because its many sides resemble the old-fashioned country smock. The body of a "smock-mill" consists of a wooden framing and maybe is six to twelve sided

EASTHAM, CAPE COD, U.S.A.: This smock-mill stands on historic ground; Giles Hopkins of the *Mayflower* had an allotment of land in Brewster, then part of Eastham. The mill built on this land, and known as Setucket mill, is now preserved by the Village Improvement Society of Eastham. The mill is covered with shingles, and the sail-cloths, when used, were laced in and out of the cross-bars of the sails

The movement to preserve the windmill as a useful and picturesque feature of countryside life is being actively continued. The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings by its meetings and special publications has already succeeded in arousing widespread interest in this movement. An international conference is to take place next year in France for those interested in the preservation of windmills. The above interesting selection of various types of windmill are from the collection of pictures in the possession of Mr. Rex Walles, who has actively interested himself in the preservation of windmills in this country

# The Renaissance of the HISTORICAL NOVEL

## And the Most Enchanting Whimsey of a Decade

### Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

If there is any young novelist looking for an opportunity to distinguish himself in a field not overcrowded, the search for which entails to-day considerable exploration, he might with great advantage turn to the historical novel. There is no one to-day who occupies the position held by Charles Reade among the Victorians, whose *Cloister and the Hearth* remains perhaps the foremost achievement in English historical fiction. The most obvious candidate to-day, could he turn his mind towards such a form of expression, is Mr. Lytton Strachey. He has the knowledge, the bright gift of phrase, the skill to pattern an impressive pageant, and the power to infuse character into his creations which are the requisites of a successful writer of historical fiction. It may be suggested, with that touch of malice that makes the whole literary world kin, that Mr. Lytton Strachey has already distinguished himself in the field of fiction. There is a sense of drama about his figures of Queen Victoria, Queen Elizabeth, Florence Nightingale, General Gordon, Essex, and others in his fascinating picture gallery that suggests the imaginative man breaking through the restraint of the analytical observer. I believe it is this touch of the imaginative man which gives his essays in biography such fascination.

The death of Stanley Weyman and Maurice Hewlett took from us the last outstanding figures who occupied the historical field. It will be a long time before we encounter again such a blend of scholarship and romance as Hewlett gave us in such novels as *The Forest Lovers*, *Richard Yea or Nay*, and *The Queen's Quair*. How accomplished and adaptable Hewlett was, may be seen in that collection of masterpieces, *Little Novels of Italy*. He marched straight from Norman history into the Italian Renaissance, acquiring the Italian language on his way, and after one short tour in Tuscany expressed with a freedom and comprehension as great as that of any other writer in Europe the peculiar mixture of pagan sensuousness and Christian mysticism. It is regrettable, so immersed are we in a fashion of Freudian and Proustian introspection, that masterly novels such as Weyman's *A Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe* are almost unknown to the present-day reader. The wave of sordid realism, probably enlarged by the stark realities of the War years that engulfed contemporary literature from the opening of the present century, has now, I believe, spent itself. From the Masochism and flagellations of the Russian school, from the neurotic, pseudo-medical, psychological vogue which achieved its finest expression in Maupassant and its worst in Zola, we are reverting to a more cheerful and less self-conscious style in fiction. The singular triumph of Feuchtwanger's *Jew Süss* proves that the historical pageant can still capture the imagination. If any novelist could take the astonishing story of Henry VIII and treat it with the same blend of realism and romance there would await for him a reward equal to that gained by the author of *Jew Süss*.

These thoughts are provoked by the emergence of a possible candidate in the field who may yet bring new triumphs to the school of historical fiction. Mr. John Buchan, as his annual contribution to fiction, has presented himself in the rôle of historical novelist. He has always been a romanticist, immune from the attacks to which the romanticist is subject to-day, because he has always been careful to avoid any charge of sentimentality. However impossible the habits and achievements of his characters, he has invested them with a Scots phlegm and an English Public School manner that guarantee their belonging to the Right People. Long ago Conan Doyle discovered that we like our heroes silent. Sherlock Holmes was a romantic figure, despite the fact that he remained a lifelong bachelor. Mr. Buchan has, from time to time, carried his Sherlock a stage further into matrimony, but the usual attributes remain distinguishable, the inner reserve, the taciturnity, the pipe in hand that symbolizes the leisure of a man of action and, occasionally, the faithful hound without which no silent Englishman seems completely silent in English fiction.

In *The Blanket of the Dark* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Buchan has made a valiant departure from his customary theme. He appears before us as an historical novelist. He introduces us to a young man, Peter Pentecost, the last of the great race of Bohun, the son of the mighty Duke of Buckingham, with blood direct from King Edward. This survivor of a great house is a fitting figure to lead a rising against Henry VIII and the Tudor despotism which Mr. Buchan names "the blanket of the dark." We meet Peter Pentecost on a journey down the King's highway running between London and Worcester. In the glorious country of the West Chilterns, the Cotswolds, and the Forest of Dean the story is laid. On this setting Mr. Buchan has lavished his very considerable knowledge of Tudor England, his love of the English scene, and the sense of the larger drama of the Reformation behind. The English Renaissance has warmed the blood of Peter. Three years in Oxford have given him an infusion of those humanities so soon to flower in the beauties of Elizabethan literature. He steps forth on to the scene as attractive as one of those knights of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. "He looked up at the boy's shapeliness, the clean limbs, the narrow loins, the breadth of shoulder, at the face dark with weather, the straight brows, the noble lines of head and jaw, the candid grey-blue eyes at present sullen and puzzled, the crisp brown hair, for Peter had never been tonsured." Such is the young Peter, ignorant of his birth, happily blind to his destiny.

Through this England of forest land, where a suppressed people groan under feudal tyranny, the rising spreads, the heavy-handed sway of King Henry menaces the nobles who are irked by so much kingship. In this lad of the Bohun blood they see the instrument of successful insurrection. With considerable boldness Mr. Buchan has brought his two protagonists face to face on two occasions. Once when unwittingly Peter drags Henry from a watery grave, gives him a rough lodging for the night, and successfully frustrates Henry's murderous instinct. The next meeting is between two avowed enemies, the King and the captured claimant, after the rising had been defeated by flood. There is a grim majesty in this scene in the banqueting hall at Woodstock. It is part of Mr. Buchan's triumph that he never causes us to lose sympathy with any of his characters in this story. Even Henry VIII, cast more for the rôle of the bully than in the customary rôle of Bluff King Hal, who had a way with the common folk and queenly heads, suggests the coarse power that governed the land.

"We grow rich, and in growing rich we doubtless grow hard, but that hardness is needful in the narrow portals of the new world. Had I been a slack-mouthed king, this England of mine would have been booty to the proud." So Henry defends the firmness of policy that sends Peter to the gallows. Why, in an age of summary execution, he should have been sent from Woodstock to Reading for fulfilment of sentence it is difficult to know, except that how otherwise could Mr. Buchan have devised the escape of his hero and the relief of our feelings? Not since I put down Mr. Alfred Tressider Sheppard's *Here Comes an Old Sailor* have I felt so hopeful for the historical novel. There is a richness and beauty in Mr. Buchan's admirable story that emerge as much from the background as from the drama that holds the stage. Here is Henry's England, not the England of Wolsey, Hampton Court, the battle with Rome, and the high intrigue infesting the court of a bluff despot, but the England, rude, wild, of uplands, impenetrable forests and scanty highways, and a people still immersed in serfdom. One passage will suffice to reveal how vividly and comprehensively Mr. Buchan has envisioned his scene. He is describing the large brotherhood of vagabondage that interpenetrates, with its own hidden organization, the life of the common people and supplies that office of intelligencer and political weathercock existing before printing and letters made expression facile.

"They have their own names, and their own manner of speech and way of business, but if I were to recite them all I should not have done by the morrow's dawn. There are those known by the misdeeds they favour. Such are the ruffiers and the rogues and the highwaymen, who use violence, and the coney-catchers, and cozeners, and hookers, and horse-priggers, and fraters who use guile. Some have their trades, like the tinkers and pedlars, the jugglers and the minstrels, the crowders and fortune-tellers and bearwards. Some are plain beggars: others practise different arts to excite compassion, as the palliards, who make sores on their bodies with ratsbane and spearwort—the Abrahams who sham madness, and the cranks who counterfeit the falling sickness—the dommerers who are deaf and dumb, and the whipjacks who tell a lamentable tale of shipwreck at sea or have a father or brother made captive by the Turk. There are more varieties of calling in vagabondage than in honest trade."

In that one passage, scholarship invested with imagination adequately depicts the scene. *The Blanket of the Dark* heralds the renaissance of the English historical novel.

As a visitor to the French Riviera I have often wondered what the French have made of the English *ménage* as exemplified in those many white villas whose stucco covers such a different mental outlook. France, the country where the worship of Woman is carried to an excess that would have inspired in an ancient Greek a suspicion of insanity, has nevertheless the strictest code of licence and good form. Naughtiness may seem the chief French export, but whether it is seen in *La Vie Parisienne* or in the tourist-infested *couloirs* of Montmartre it belongs to a strict trades union. English naughtiness, on the contrary, is a spasmodic excursion into freedom such as the Latin can never understand. If you doubt this, witness the rich comedy that ensues in Miss G. B. Stern's *The Shortest Night* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), when the local police commissaire is called in to investigate the murder at Sophia Framlingham's villa. Is it possible that half-a-dozen guests can spend an innocent holiday in such perilous contiguity? And is it not possible that any one of the half-dozen who has so light a regard for the conventions would be capable of murder at the villa? Miss Stern, is insistent on the odiousness of the victim. Everyone has been at a house-party where one member should have been murdered in consideration of the comfort of the rest. But it is not necessary to take Miss Stern's murder story seriously since she begins it with a workmanlike sketch-plan and concludes it with a mixed-bottle solution. What is delightful throughout is not the mystery but the gaiety of this drama in sunshine. Never was a corpse so obligingly compelled to relieve the ennui of a cocktail-shaking, surf-splashing house-party.

*Mabel Robey*

*MISS G. B. STERN, the author of* Tents of Israel, *dramatized as* The Matriarch, *whose latest novel,* The Shortest Night, *a quasi-detective story, is reviewed by Mr. Roberts on this page*

If you like to read about people who are completely mad I very heartily commend *The Brontës Went to Woolworth's*, by Rachel Ferguson (Benn. 7s. 6d.) The delicious humour of this book cannot be conveyed. It possesses something unique in the manner of English nonsense. The Carne household is completely mad. Deirdre and her sister Katrine adopt a well-known figure in the newspaper-press and construct for him a life intimately connected with their own. In this case Mr. Justice Toddington is known in all the intimacy of the stripes on his pyjamas, the nature of his ailments, and the unvarnished estimate of his wife. All goes riotously well until accident brings Mr. Justice Toddington actually into their lives. For a time he is completely bewildered until he senses the spirit of the game and lives up to their wild imaginings. The victim turns the table superbly. "I saw the Brontës yesterday," said Lady Toddington. "Where?" asked Deirdre. "In Woolworth's." is the answer, and we learn "Emily had one of her difficult fits right in the middle of the haberdashery," and Charlotte wrote: "It was a queer shop, much favoured with their custom by a class which I do not think to be our own. The attractions, my darling—no, I will not be sentimental—the attractions, then, are lights, variety of articles displayed, music, cleanliness, and warmth (from whence I do not know), but proving an evident lure to these families who know no better. . . ."

If you understand this book you may be in peril from your friends, but the pleasures of private insanity will compensate you for the pained expression of their faces. This book is a landmark on the road to a more riotous life.

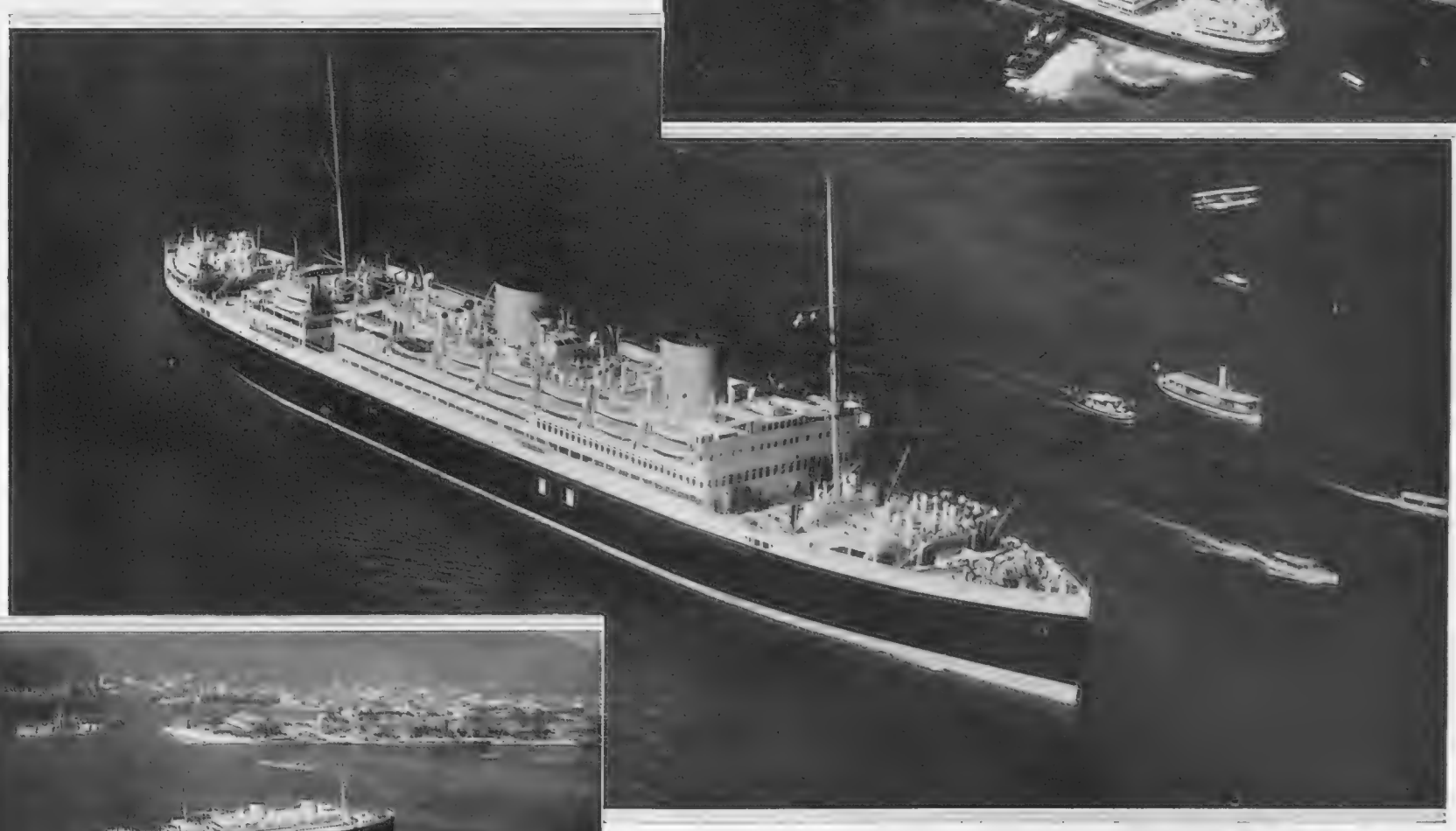
# SHIPS of ENGLAND and ITALY

New Studies of the Lloyd-Triestino Liner "Victoria" at Venice and the R.M.S.P. Liner "Alcantara" at Rio

THE MAIN STAIRCASE: *One of the luxurious features of the Cosulich M.V.* Victoria

*QUEENS OF THE ADRIATIC: The new Lloyd-Triestino Cosulich liner* Victoria, *anchored off Venice. She is the fastest motor vessel in the world and one of the most luxuriously furnished. On her maiden voyage she achieved a speed of 23½ knots, with no vibration whatsoever. Much of the decoration has been executed by Marila Lednicka, the panel at the head of the stairway being unusually fine. A Pole by birth, this distinguished and brilliantly successful artist was a pupil of Henric Bourdelle and she did all her early work in Paris. While much of her work is vividly modern, her treatment of the saloon bar of this ship is purely—and happily—classical*

THE SHIP'S GARAGE; Passengers on the M.V. *Victoria* (Egypt-Trieste), need only drive their cars on and off the boat



*A MIGHTY SHIP SEEN FROM THE AIR: The R.M.S.P. liner* Alcantara *in Rio Harbour—a remarkable aerial picture of the vessel taken as she was approaching the landing-stage, beset with speed boats and aeroplanes.* Inset above on right—*The ship is seen reversing propellers, while,* inset below on left, *she is seen against the background of Rio*

*Pictures by Sasha*

*DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE:* (Left) *Inspector Newcome (Vincent Holman) and Rebecca (Ruth Maitland), and* (right) *Mr. Hyde (Arthur Phillips) and the butler (H. R. Hignett) in the new third-hand dramatization of the R.L.S. classic at the Savoy Theatre*

# "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

## BY PHILIP PAGE

### This Festival Business.

Constantly at this season of the year am I receiving letters from and, less constantly, writing letters to, theatrical and musical acquaintances who are trotting about the Continent attending festivals. Herr Reinhardt is, of course, doing some wonderful new production. Toscanini has been conducting at Bayreuth. Plays and operas on festal scale are being given at Munich and Salzburg. These functions attract quite a number of English people, and there is no reason why they should not. But, for the most part, the visitors are just the people who should (for they can afford to do so) also support our own festivals, and this is exactly what they do not do. They belong to an artistically influential set who were regularly seen in the stalls of the Lyceum when it came over all Russian a few weeks ago. They have now not only come over all German instead, but have many of them gone over to Germany.

### Continental Advantages.

Why a dramatic or musical festival should have a more attractive flavour if it takes place on the other side of the Channel I have never been able to understand. Yet it is only too obvious that it has. In favour of the Continental festivals is the mundane but highly important question of alcohol. In addition to the fact that a trip to Salzburg or Munich is a rather more exciting business than a trip to an English provincial town, there is the freedom to repair to a café after the play or the opera is over, to sit in the open until past midnight to discuss what one has seen and heard over lager beer or anything one fancies that is a trifle stronger. In England there is one eye on the clock—and usually on the ten o'clock at that—with a discussion of Shakespeare or Bach in an atmosphere of cajoling a night porter and clandestine consumption in bedrooms. *Experto crede.*

But remove this disability, powerful though it is, and England would start level. England has not a Wagner and a Bayreuth. But England has a Shakespeare and a Stratford-on-Avon. Yet infinitely more Americans go to Bayreuth than to Stratford. I can understand Germans not coming to Stratford (apart from financial considerations) to the same extent that English people go to Bayreuth, for there is not much fun there for a German not familiar with the English language, whereas the language of music is universal. But I cannot for the life of me understand English people (and there are plenty of them) who go to Bayreuth but would never dream of going to Stratford, when they could quite easily go to both.

At this moment some indignant person will probably murmur with outraged awe the magic word "Ober-Ammergau." To which I will reply, with all honesty, that I have seen the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau twice, and on each occasion, after the first half-hour, have been completely bored. If this is merely a Philistine attitude (which I refuse to admit), let me at any rate put it that the plays of Shakespeare, even adequately produced and performed, and no more than that, are a worthy rival.

### The Contrast.

This is no insular plea for the support of home industries in the theatre to the exclusion of everything else. If people wish to wander all over the world looking at plays and listening to music, and have the time and the money for such expeditions, by all means let them spend both. They will, anyway. If they think a film of *La Dame aux Camélias* at Timbuctoo is better than Mr. Henry Ainley as Hamlet at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London, they will again have their own way. In this case, however, I venture to suggest they will be wrong, for I have seen both. But some effort must be made to get those very people who could be of such assistance to the British theatre at a time when it sorely needs it out of the habit of imagining that any festival in Germany is something marvellous and any festival in England not worth a cheap return ticket.

*COMEDIANS BOTH: Laddie Cliff and Barry Lupino—the latter of whom is a remarkable acrobat—in* The Millionaire Kid, *the amusing musical farce at the Gaiety*

### PLAYS TO BE SEEN

| THEATRE | PLAY | TYPE |
|---|---|---|
| Aldwych | Turkey Time | Laughing Mixture as before |
| Coliseum | White Horse Inn | The chromatic Tyrol to music |
| Globe | The Improper Duchess | Yvonne Arnaud makes omelettes without breaking eggs |
| Hippodrome | Stand Up and Sing | Ninety-five per cent. Jack Buchanan |
| Lyric | Autumn Crocus | The sentimental Tyrol to comedy obbligato |
| Phœnix | Late Night Final | Merciless journalism mercilessly exposed |
| Queen's | The Barretts of Wimpole Street | Magnificent acting in a fine play: Deserves its long run |
| Vaudeville | Apron Strings | Kenneth as a piscine Kove |
| Whitehall | Take a Chance | Marion Lorne. *Verb. sap.* |
| Wyndham's | The Old Man | Edgar Wallace and Maisie Gay |

### Our Shakespearean Assets.

We have two purely dramatic festivals in England—the Shakespeare Festival at the birthplace and the Malvern Festival—which, thanks to Sir Barry Jackson, has sprung into being quite recently and is doing excellent work. The Shakespeare Festival, though it is conducted admirably, has been handicapped of late by the lack of suitable premises; fortunately the new Festival Theatre will be ready next year, and from all accounts the building will be German enough, at least in outward appearance, to attract a goodly number of those who are enjoying the beer-garden life at this very moment. When this new theatre is complete, let us hope that the old custom will be resumed of well-known London players giving special matinées there during the festival.

The present stock company is good; but if the festival is to achieve the international reputation that it should indubitably have, some such scheme is essential. The number of eminent London players with Shakespearean experience is not so large as it was, but it is larger than the pessimists imagine. There are interesting Hamlets in Sir John Martin-Harvey, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Godfrey Tearle (who is also a fine Othello). I would like to see again, at Stratford or anywhere else, Mr. Seymour Hicks's Richard III. Mr. Oscar Asche would, I trust, be available as Falstaff. Mr. John Gielgud has, by some admirable Shakespearean work, more than qualified. Mr. Basil Gill is a fine Shakespearean actor. So is Mr. Lyn Harding. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is an unrivalled Shakespearean clown (which does not mean simple clowning), and so, too, is that splendid actor, Mr. Edmund Gwenn—also a Falstaff. I doubt whether there has been a better Polonius than Mr. Herbert Waring. Miss Fay Compton and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies are splendid Ophelias, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Miss Sybil Thorndike would leave nothing desired as Katharine of Aragon. The list by no means ends here, and to any actor or actress obviously worthy to be included in it whose name I have inadvertently omitted I apologize profoundly.

### Plenty of Hope.

This is, I hope, sufficient indication that this festival business is by no means hopeless. There is no reason why the Continent should continue to have practically its own way. It is an ideal, but not, one trusts, an impossible one, that Stratford and Malvern should become soon the rivals of the cities where Herr Reinhardt functions. If Elgar and oratorio are not quite so powerful a magnet as Wagnerian opera, it is quite possible for efforts to be made to put the splendid Three Choirs Festivals at Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester certainly on the same list as Bayreuth for transatlantic and other visitors. These cathedral cities have nothing to fear from an architectural and historical point of view, and the musical performances there are beyond reproach, since English choral singing is the best in the world.

### Help Wanted.

But English festivals, whether of the theatre or in the musical world, must blow their own trumpets louder. In short, they must advertise and boost themselves on an altogether larger scale. One sees periodically on our English railway stations posters urging travellers to go to Ober-Ammergau or Bayreuth. One does not see on railway stations on the Continent or in America similar posters pointing out the glories of Stratford-on-Avon or of Hereford.

And the authorities must help over that matter of licensing restrictions. Surely the same temporary dispensation could be granted for Shakespeare, Shaw, and oratorio that is now enjoyed by a cricket match at Lord's or a hardware exhibition at the Agricultural Hall?

IN THE WINGS: A Tyrolean and two British members of the cast watch a scene in the Coliseum success

A DAIRYMAID AND FRIEND, caught in the farmyard scene

# BEHIND THE SCENES at the "WHITE HORSE INN"

*(Recorded by Abbé)*

The Brilliant and Successful Play that has Marked the Coliseum's début as a "Straight" Theatre

MISS MARY LAWSON, whose comedy adds to the gaiety of "White Horse Inn"

# SPORT *of many* SORTS

Tennis, Running, Swimming, Motor-boating, and Physical Jerks

SISTERS OF THE RACQUET: Miss M. E. Flambert and Miss E. Taylor, of St. Thomas's Hospital, cheered by their colleagues after their victory over the holders, London Hospital, in the finals of the Lawn Tennis Challenge Cup for Nurses. The event was held in the grounds of St. Charles' Hospital

WORDS OF HEALTH: Sir Bruce Porter, the distinguished physician, lectures to the class that keeps fit by physical training of all kinds on the roof of Bush House. Many City workers do physical jerks in the lunch hour

CHAMPIONS OF THE DUCHY: Mr. L. Strike and Miss Piper, who won the 1,000 yards for men and women, respectively, in the Cornish Swimming Championships. Miss Piper, who is not yet fifteen, also holds the 100 yards Championship

A NOTABLE VICTORY: Mrs. Hubert Scott-Paine, the wife of Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, was the winner of the Novices Race at the Southampton Motor Boat Week. The victor is seen above in the craft *Panther II*

THE INTER-SERVICES' CHAMPIONSHIPS: The start of the three miles. The contest was won by the Army for the ninth successive year. The two miles relay and the 440 yards relay records were broken by the Army team; the 480 yards high hurdles by the R.A.F. The high jump was won at 6 ft.; the mile in 4 min. 20 4-5 secs.

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

C.F.H.1006

"DIVINITIES" by DOUGLAS WALES

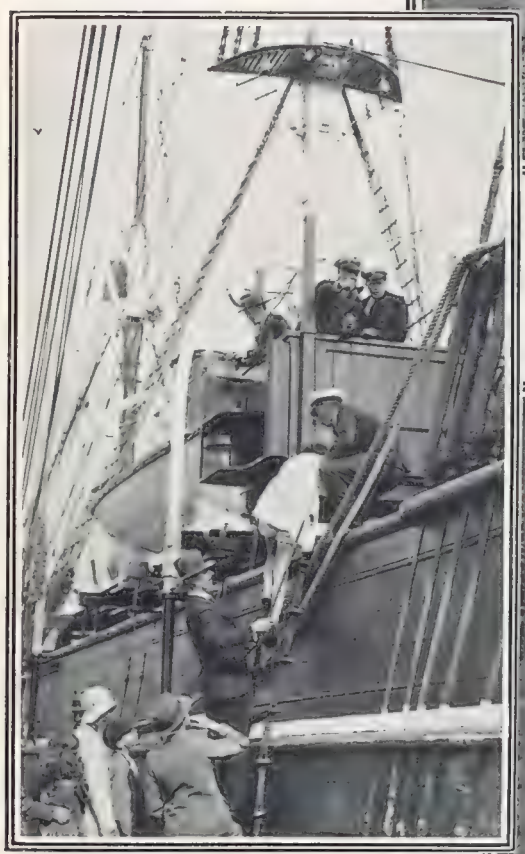
WILLS'S "CAPSTAN" *are Capital*

THE VALUE IS IN THE CIGARETTES

# A LAST LOOK ROUND

*Latest Pictorial News on the Home Front*

A MIGHTY BLAST: 60,000 tons of limestone felled at one explosion at the British Lime Firms (a branch of the I.C.I.), Cowdale, Buxton. The limestone is used by Messrs. Brunner Mond and Company for making soda ash and various other chemicals. It is also used for lime burning. These explosions are now taking place every week. Tunnels are bored into the face of the rock 40 ft. deep and then branched off in T-shaped fashion. Black powder is used instead of high explosives as this does not alter the surface of the rock. This blast is the biggest one in recent years. After the first main blast (which takes months to prepare) a series of smaller blasts are discharged to break the débris up still further until it can be chopped up by hand



*DISCOVERY I:* Captain Scott's old ship off East India Dock after her two years' B.A.N.Z. cruise under Sir Douglas Mawson. Visitors are seen going aboard

THE FIRST OFFICIAL HIKERS' CAMP: This was held over the holidays at Cliffdale Gardens, Portsdown Hill, Portsmouth. The hikers received a civic welcome by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The Naval Authorities entertained them during Navy Week, allowing them to inspect dockyard and ships. "Hikers" are using the car as a useful adjunct by which to arrive at their walking centre

*DISCOVERY II:* The Royal Research Ship *Discovery II* (a steel built ship) has also returned after an absence of eighteen months on a scientific expedition to the Antarctic Circle. The members of the scientific staff and crew are pledged to secrecy regarding the results of the cruise. The picture shows the *Discovery II* fast in the ice

THE OPENING OF LONDON BRIDGE, AUGUST 1, 1831, by King William IV and Queen Adelaide; an illustration from *Old London Bridge*, by Gordon Home (The Bodley Head). The centenary of London Bridge fell last Saturday. It is a pity that there is no carving or other reproduction of the old bridge on the present one, as is the case in many historic bridges abroad and on the bridge in Edinburgh between the new and the old towns. Groups of sightseers were on the bridge on the centenary looking out for a white horse. The old legend that you cannot cross London Bridge without seeing a white horse still persists, and has much to support it

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

## *Here are* DRESSERS

If you are furnishing a country or seaside cottage for the coming season you will surely include a good dresser among the equipment. There is nothing more charming, and at the same time so serviceable, for the living-room, breakfast-room, or the kitchen which is used for occasional meals.

It would appear that the dresser first made its début as an item of English household furnishing some time during the last forty years of the seventeenth century. The earliest examples were made of oak or elm, and as dressers are essentially for the country cottage or farmhouse, they continued to be made in oak long after walnut had become fashionable for town houses.

Seventeenth-century dressers were of two types—one with the lower portion consisting of drawers and cupboards, and one with a row of two or three drawers raised on baluster or spiral legs. In the reign of Queen Anne, the dresser, still made of oak, was given cabriole legs; and this is still one of the most popular types for a cottage.

Needless to add, a dresser is a living-room substitute for a sideboard, for the latter is best used in a formal dining-room. The dresser drawers, therefore, may be used for table-linen and cutlery, and the shelves of the super-structure are for the china. Or they may be used, in an appropriate old-style interior, as a background for pewter plates and dishes.

It is a generally accepted tradition that old oak, which is dark in colour, is seen at its best as a background contrasting with blue china or porcelain. On an old dresser willow-pattern china always looks charming, and the effect is improved if a pair of blue Chinese bowls or covered jars are also included. The scheme can be continued with chintz window curtains in which light, skyey shades of blue express both beauty and happiness. A richer and rather more sombre effect could be obtained by using pottery or china in which red predominates—or a copper lustre (there is some interesting modern lustre pottery) would harmonize well with the rich brown, almost chocolate colour of the oak dresser.

THE TREATMENT CONVENTIONAL: The old oak dresser with its willow-pattern china and blue Chinese porcelain

THE TREATMENT MODERN: A dresser in ash with marqueterie of oak. The cupboard front gives additional accommodation

But even if your cottage will not be "in old-world style," even if the decorations and furnishing are modern, you may still do well to include a dresser in the living-room. You could select, for example, a dainty modern dresser with no traditional influence discernible in the design—with a cupboard front and shelves fitted within the deep doors, thereby giving better accommodation in limited space. Such a dresser might be made either of natural oak or ash, and could be decorated with a simple pattern of marqueterie. There would be three useful drawers, too, beneath the cupboard and the shelves.

A built-in dresser designed on practical lines is also an essential item in the up-to-date, labour-saving kitchen. This type of dresser may have shelves behind glazed doors, with drawers and cupboards beneath and at either side, so that domestic equipment and utensils may be kept in orderly array within small compass.

Baseden Butt

## *The* COST *of a* COUNTRY COTTAGE

I am always meeting people who long for a week-end cottage but never embark upon one, because they haven't the faintest idea how much it will run them in for. Everyone they know gives them such different accounts of the expense involved that they regretfully put the idea on one side, until that far away day when they will have achieved if not real riches at least an advanced stage of "comfortably offness." In a way these gloomy rumours of the cost of a country cottage are true. If you demand the last word in modern comfort somewhere in the depths of the country, thousands may be needed. In this article, however, I am attempting to show from personal experience what a long way a very little money will go, provided you are prepared to lead the simple life.

First of all comes the question of finding a cottage. If you want one for next summer it is not a moment too soon to begin, for in a couple of months' time all the best places will have been snapped up.

There is only one way of finding a real bargain in cottages. That is, to concentrate upon a certain district and walk, motor, or bicycle along the less frequented roads asking every one you meet if they know of a cottage to let. Provided you will give the time for this kind of thing some little Tudor or seventeenth-century gem can often be discovered for somewhere about ten shillings a week. If, on the other hand, there is no time to search a district thoroughly, and you have to rely upon the house agents, as a rule nothing can be found much under forty or fifty pounds a year, and Tudor or Georgian architecture is assessed at its proper market value. If you are willing to buy instead of renting, cottage-hunting is always far easier. In most districts there seem to be at least six cottages for sale to everyone to let.

FRONT VIEW: This is the type of cottage to find—small, cheap, commodious, and beautifully set

BACK VIEW: The windmill lends a picturesqueness to the setting. Roof and window frames must be carefully examined

Having found a cottage that takes your fancy the next thing is to decide how much repairs and redecoration will cost. The first thing to do, of course, is to find out whether any structural repairs will be needed, and also if the roof seems in good condition. While an architect's opinion is the safest, the local builder who knows something of the history of the cottage can usually be relied upon to give a trustworthy report. Should he report any faults, get an estimate for their repair before doing anything else. A similar estimate should also be had if the floors seem likely to need much repairing, as this is rather an expensive job.

On the other hand, the cost of a certain amount of new skirting board is trifling. Bulging ceilings, that only need patching and not entirely replastering, also hardly add anything to the bill. Window frames should be carefully examined. A number of new frames, particularly if they are of the old-fashioned latticed type and have to be specially made, are rather costly. Perhaps, however, new frames will not be necessary and the old ones can be patched, and then it will not be a very expensive matter.

Of course the cost can be kept down considerably if you are willing to do the decorating yourself. Really it is not at all difficult. The pictures you see on this page are of my own cottage where I did all the decorating, both inside and out, without any previous experience. Anyone can paint woodwork in the rough and ready style that is quite good enough for a cottage. Distempering, much preferable to whitewashing for the walls, not only owing to the fact that it does not rub off on your clothes if you accidentally brush against a wall, but also because there is no danger if, when in the liquid stage, a drop splashes into the decorator's eye, requires a little more skill, but can soon be picked up. If the walls to be covered are rather stained and dirty, and you do not want to go to the expense of having them scraped, choose a colour in preference to white, as far less coats of distemper will be needed. A pale yellow, for instance, looks well with oak beams, or the shade of pale salmon pink one so often finds in old cottages and farms.

INTERIOR: Beams never look well unless stained a deep brown—achieved by the use of creosote

If any oak beams are to be uncovered and especially if old paint has to be scraped off, get them done by the builder. It is difficult, hard work for the amateur. Otherwise you will not be able to use creosote. Creosote, which is the only possible thing for newly uncovered beams, giving them the right blackened-with-age tint and at the same time preserving the wood, will not take on a surface where any trace of varnish still remains.

By doing the painting and distempering myself the whole cost of doing up my cottage which really describes itself as a farm, having three sitting-rooms and five bedrooms, to say nothing of two storerooms, a loft, and several outhouses, came to under £35 in all, although it looked very dilapidated when I first got it. The actual repairs done by the builder, which included two new window frames, repairs to four or five others, a certain amount of new skirting board, patching ceilings, mending one or two gutters, scraping the beams which had previously been covered, and one or two other odds and ends, came to about £20.

Paint for both inside and outside woodwork, creosote, and distemper came to about £7.

Next comes the question of furnishing the place. It is really wonderful what a lot can be done without buying expensive antiques. Ordinary kitchen or Victorian servant bedroom furniture, provided it is of a good plain shape, fits in remarkably well if painted the exact shade to match your beams, or even some cheerful colour.

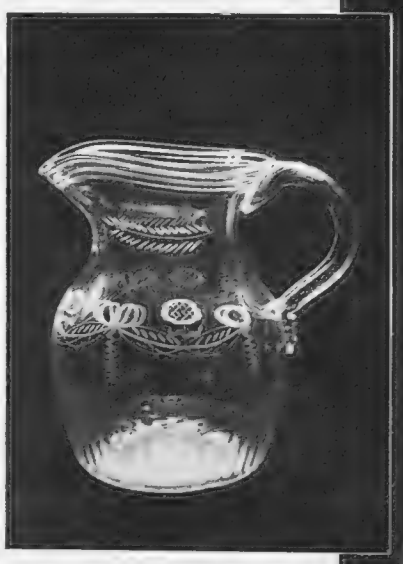
Having furnished and redecorated your cottage, next comes the question of running expenses. Having just done up the place repairs are likely to be trifling for some years to come. There really is very little that can go wrong with a cottage compared to a town house with its water-pipes, fusing electric lights, and so on. If you are used to housekeeping in London, you will be astonished at how little cleaning is needed. An occasional woman from the village, at about five shillings a day, will be quite sufficient if you are prepared to do your own cooking and other domestic tasks during the week-end. Otherwise it is nearly always possible to arrange for some woman who lives near by to come in for a few hours each day. The only other expense may be for a gardener, although it will not take a great deal of energy to look after your little plot of land yourself.

Sybil Vincent

Wine glass, engraved with King William III crossing the River Boyne, 1690. English or Irish. Third quarter of the 18th century. Victoria and Albert Museum

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

# *Old Irish* GLASS



Glass jug, with ringed top, made at the Waterloo Glass House. Irish. Early 19th century. Victoria and Albert Museum

It is not necessary to be a collector to appreciate the beauty of old glass, for it appeals to most of us. There is much activity amongst collectors at the moment, but those who are in the early stages of collecting are wise to study the history of old glass before buying a single piece. There are many "fake" pieces offered which are hard to distinguish from the real—unless one has gone into the early history. There are many pitfalls for the unwary, and it is most unwise to judge by mere instinct, especially where rare and valuable old glass is concerned. It is interesting, too, to learn the sequence, forms, and styles of genuine antiques at any time, and the tradition of glass dates from the remote past and is well worth recording. Serious collectors should take the trouble to find out the history of each piece if possible. It is a mistake to call glass which comes from Ireland "Waterford," for in many cases it comes from Dublin or Cork. Irish glass is not cold to the touch, neither is it harsh, but rather warm and soft, thus making copying difficult. Besides, there is a distinct "ring" about it. Though this glass "sings" when it falls, it is not easily broken. The reason of the survival of some genuine old glass is probably due to this fact, as it is distinctly tough and strong and supposed to be stronger than any other glass made. During the Middle Ages, somewhere about 1332, glass was made in Ireland. The coloured windows in Dublin Castle were made in Dublin, presumably by local workers, in the great period of Irish glass making—in the 18th century, about the second quarter. Although the study of glass is an exhaustive one, it is worth while making it if a collection is to be good, for sound knowledge (and taste) should be at the back of every purchase. It is much better to learn the history of each specimen rather than be disillusioned, only to find that the "lovely old glass" is merely "fake."

Decanter and stopper of clear glass, with moulded and cut decoration. Mark "Penrose Waterford" faintly moulded in base. Irish (Waterford). Early 19th century. Victoria and Albert Museum

# The Varied Art of the East Utilized on Behalf of the West

Strips of Chinese wallpaper inset in panels alternate with glass panels in this drawing-room decorated by Paul Huldschinsky. Note the variety not only in each wallpaper panel, but in the placing of panels and mirrors

*For the*

# ADVENTUROUS

**Three Out-of-the-Way Resorts**

THE SWEDISH CAPRI: A view of Kullen, once, it is said, inhabited by cavemen who have left behind numerous relics. The *flora* of Kullen is also of interest

DATING FROM THE PUNIC GLORY: Peniscola, a small fortified town in Spain, built on the rocks. It is dominated by an old ruined castle. It is seen above from a Franco-African air-liner

*Ewing Galloway*

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE IN LAND: Nauders-berg, in Tyrol, has its castle in Austria, its mountains in Switzerland, and its valley in Italy. Mt. Mondin is 10,325 ft. high

**THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL**

*Something New in*

# BUCHAREST

**The Latest Development of the Pool**

When Bucharest found that it could not do without open-air swimming pools, it modelled one on the Lido of Venice. It has become the very latest thing of its kind, and is largely patronized by the society of Bucharest. It was planned on a big scale, catering for a growing town and its increasing population.

Bucharest was quite a small town in the middle of last century. Its streets were paved with cobblestones and lighted with petroleum lamps. Water was brought round to the houses in a barrel, on a cart drawn by a horse! Its houses rarely exceeded one storey in height, and each one stood in its own little piece of ground. The public buildings were scarcely distinguishable from the houses near them.

These last fifty years have seen a quite astonishing change in the town. Not only have all the streets been well paved or asphalted, lighted with electricity and water pipes laid down, but fine new tree-lined boulevards have been opened up, with modern villas on either side. In the more populated parts of the town, houses of seven or eight storeys have lately been erected. The subsidized Opera House and dome-shaped Concert and Exhibition House, as well as the many other public buildings, are imposing in size and architectural proportions, so that the town has begun to take its place as a capital worthy of the name.

As to climate, Bucharest lies in an open plain exposed to all the caprices of the elements. The winter months are Russian in their cold intensity. When spring comes it gives no warning, making its presence known suddenly, and from that time onwards the weather gets hot—hotter—and hotter still, until there are tropical thunderstorms of great violence, to bring the temperature down to the equivalent of a fine English summer. This lasts until near the end of the year.

Six whole months are therefore available for open-air bathing, and during the two hottest months a daily plunge into cool water is an absolute necessity.

After the plan of the Lido was made, a piece of waste ground on the outskirts of Bucharest, just off the Chaussée (a sort of Bois de Boulogne), was transformed into a real pleasure ground. Refreshment, newspaper and other kiosks, besides buildings from which the most urgent needs of man are supplied, stand at various distances from each other. A grass plot with trees planted round it is a great attraction.

A bandstand in the immediate neighbourhood of the grass plot is occupied daily by a small orchestra of *lautari*, those wonderful gipsy musicians who play everything by ear.

Passing down the middle of the grass plot, and turning to the right or left of an *art nouveau* fountain, a stretch of sand is reached, prepared for the use of sunbathers. People in correct bathing attire are met coming from or going to the hundreds of dressing cabins which line either side of the establishment but at some distance from the baths.

The usual stages of sunburn are to be seen, but one or two of the bathers look just like Ethiopians, their skins have

THE LIDO IN BUCHAREST: Note the artificially-produced "waves"—a feature of the pool

been burnt so dark a brown. Individuals or groups can be seen turning themselves about now and then to get the full benefit of the sun's rays on all parts of their bodies, not all of which are beautiful however.

On demand refreshments are supplied, more especially cups of Turkish coffee or *dulceaz*, i.e. a spoonful of whole fruit jam, washed down with a glass of cold water. Sunbathing is such thirsty work.

The first swimming pool is of a very respectable size. It has its deep and shallow ends, its high and low springboards, as well as all the usual paraphernalia of swimming pools, but it possesses a marvellous innovation. While watching the divers and swimmers the onlookers see the water begin to get agitated, and presently wave follows upon wave, dashing against the sides of the bath in imitation of a rough sea.

Certain machinery is put into motion to produce these artificial waves, which continue for about ten minutes and are then allowed to subside again.

The second pool, a smaller and shallower one, is reserved exclusively for children where they can play their monkey tricks on each other without molesting their elders.

The value of sunlight for the prevention and cure of rickets and tuberculosis in children in particular, and for general debility, cannot be too frequently stressed.

G. Mendl

*For the*

# SOPHISTICATED

**Le Touquet, the Artois Resort**

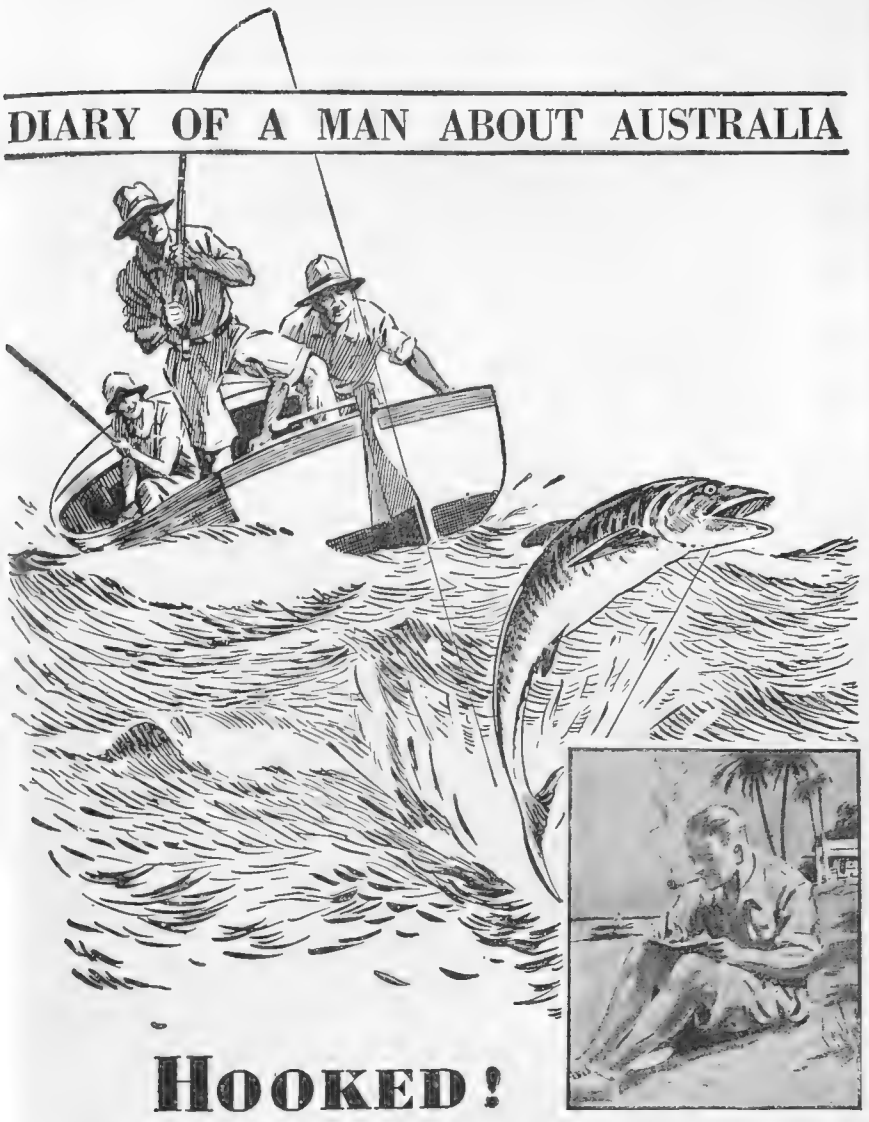
THE HALLS OF CHANCE: The entrance to the Casino, where *chemin-de-fer* is enthusiastically played at varying stakes

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF LE TOUQUET: The public bathing pool, built in the classical style, attracts both swimmers and non-swimmers to bathe and spectators to watch

LE TOUQUET'S NEWEST HOTEL: The exterior of the Royal Picardy, one of the most luxurious caravanserais in Europe. It is set in an exquisite park, which adds greatly to its amenities

THE BEAUTY OF THE TOWN: A pleasant feature of Le Touquet is the wide area of pine forest which abuts on to the *plage* in which some of the large hotels are set

# DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT AUSTRALIA





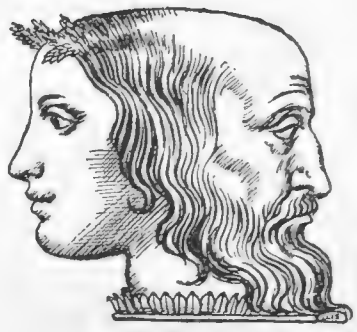
## HOOKED!

"Fighting mackerel ... Tigers of the sea they call them. Mine was. Four-and-a-half feet long, but strength and pep out of all proportion to size. Finished up by jumping his length into the air... Jim says the Great Barrier Reef'll do him for the next three or four months. He's in the hut playing with a sea porcupine. Likes paddling about in the lagoon among the coral, stirring up all kinds of weird fish and poking sticks into clam shells... Climbed a palm tree and got cocoanuts early to-day while Joan tried to ride a turtle until it dived and left her on the surface... Weather gorgeous. Funny how 'our tropic isle' seems to be in the middle of the Pacific yet it's only about three hours in the launch from cocktails and cinemas..."

## AUSTRALIA

Illustrated brochures will be gladly sent by the Australian National Travel Association, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. (or 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.). Shipping Companies or travel agencies will arrange bookings.

SUMMER



WINTER

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Stuarts

# The PETROL World

## By A. Percy Bradley

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")*

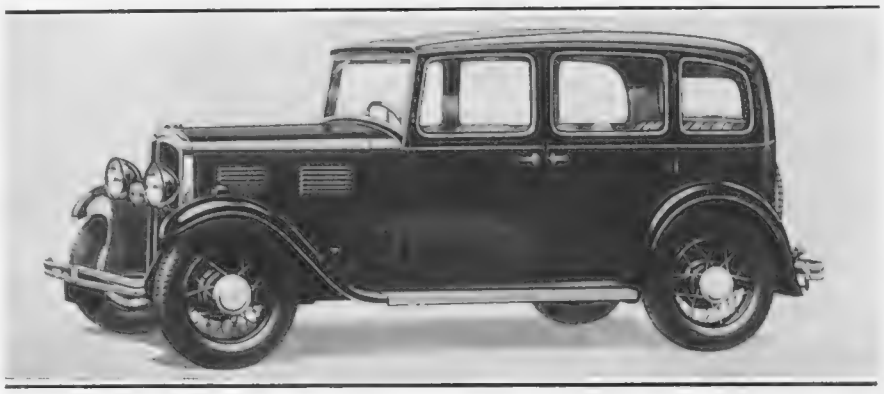
*EHEU FUGACES!*—A Happy New Year to all motorists!

I feel I must make this customary remark because the motoring year of 1932 has just started, the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry having just announced their New Year's programme. This dating of cars is really becoming a very serious menace, for here we are just about to commence the summer, that is if we get one to start at all, and at the same time we receive news of 1932 models which are now available to the public. This speeding up of the years makes us all older than we really ought to be, and as I have only just passed my 1931 birthday I am very distressed to think that I am now in 1932, a year so far as I am concerned having passed in three weeks. Had it not been that the first of the 1932 models was a Standard, and a really remarkable Standard at that, I should be very angry over the whole affair. When I saw the Standard programme I was however really more than pleased to think that the announcement was made nice and early, because there will be thousands of people who will be tempted to buy one or other of their 1932 models and the business thus set in motion will not only be a benefit to the owners of new cars but to the trade of the company.

MOTORING MUSICAL CHAIRS: One of the hilarious events at the Morris Rally at Lilleshall. Competitors had to leave their cars when the music stopped and claim a seat on a beer-crate

*THE LITTLE NINE.*—The outstanding feature of the 1932 Standard programme is the introduction of a car which is called the Little Nine. This car was built to a definite idea, the main features of which were economy in first cost and running expenses, a maximum speed in excess of 56 m.p.h., roomy comfort for four grown-up people, and the ability to hold the road like a much larger car. I am told that the petrol consumption works out at about 40 m.p.g.; as a coach-built saloon it costs only £155, and I know from sitting in one of these saloons that there is ample room for four people, and lastly, I have watched the car on Brooklands track undergoing tests at speed, and I have been struck with the manner in which it held its course, so it looks that the ideal aimed at has been achieved.

In appearance the car is more than usually attractive, and somehow or other it looks much larger than it really is. The R.A.C. rating of the engine is 9 h.p., yet in actual practice it develops 21 h.p. The specification includes a 3-speed gear-box with a silent second gear, Bendix duo-servo brakes on all four wheels, semi-elliptic springs with shock absorbers front and rear, four wide doors, sliding roof, and last but not by any means least, a rear petrol tank.



THE "LITTLE NINE": The roomy four-seater, four-door Saloon, the new Standard model, which, equipped with three-speeds (including a silent second) and four-wheel brakes, developing 21 h.p. and averaging 40 m.p.g., sells at £155, bids fair largely to increase the company's success. A review of this car appears on this page

I have not yet actually driven this car but I have watched it careering round the track and being put through its paces, and its performance has rather intrigued me. I shall certainly look forward to testing its capabilities myself, as I think the Standard Motor Company have succeeded in combining the good points of a baby car with some of the attractions of a much larger vehicle.

*ALL UP TO STANDARD.*—Three other models, the Twenty, Sixteen, and the Big Nine, complete the Standard programme for 1932. All the cars are now coachbuilt and are fitted with the well-known Stanlite sliding roof. There is no denying the fact that during the past twelve months Standard cars have been extremely popular, and in spite of depressions which appear to have interfered with trade in general, the company has actually sold more cars than during the previous year. With their 1932 programme I think they are almost certain to better the figures of any previous year.

*PRAISE FOR THE GOVERNMENT.*—Whether we agree or not with the politics of our present Government, I am sure every motorist is of the opinion that in Mr. Herbert Morrison the country has the most efficient Minister of Transport that has yet been appointed to that office. Not so many years ago, during a time of particular stress, I was summoned to go and work at Whitehall Gardens in the Ministry not because they or I myself thought I was an expert, but because no one in the building knew the difference between an Austin Seven and a Bentley. To-day, with Mr. Morrison at the head, no such criticism would be truthful. I had the pleasure the other day of welcoming the Minister to Brooklands, and it did not take me many minutes to discover that he is no mere figure-head, but a person who knows what he is talking about without being continually prompted by his so-called experts. I was very pleased when he accepted my invitation to go round the track on my Lagonda, and he certainly was not at all worried when the speedometer got very close to the 80 m.p.h. mark. I really think his only regret

(*Continued on following page*)

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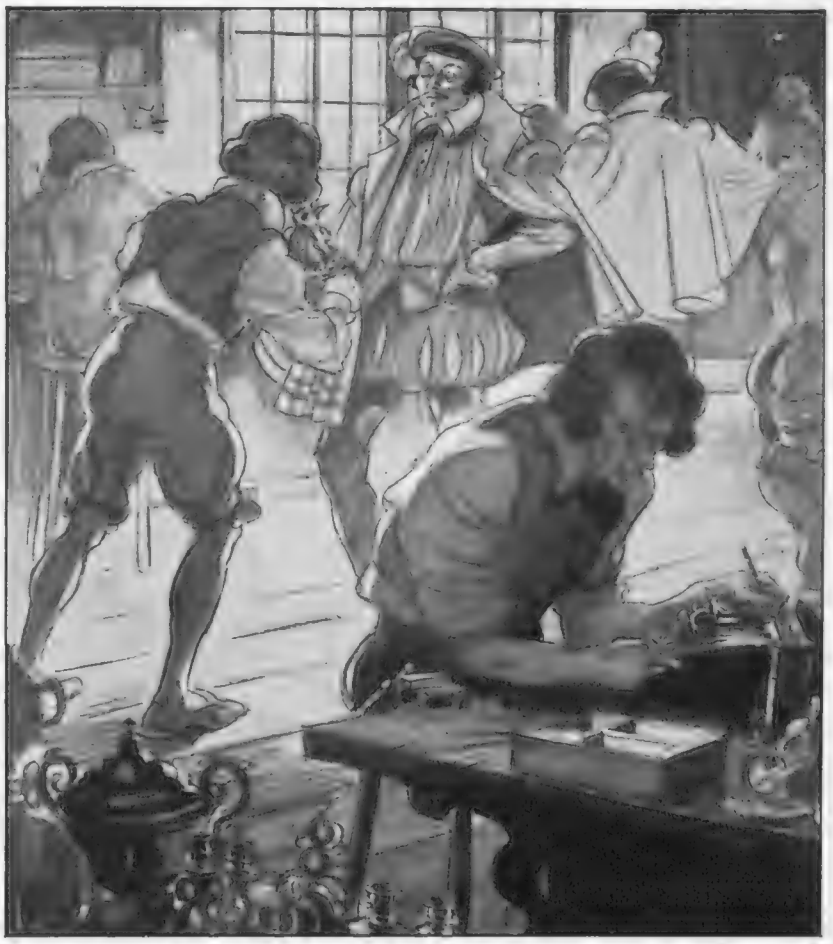

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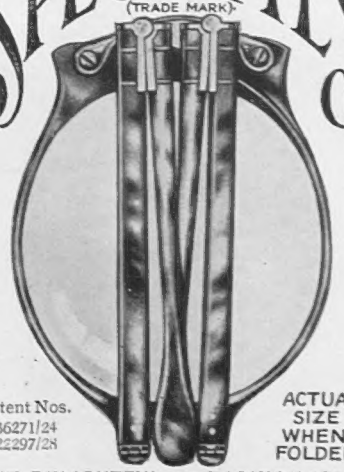

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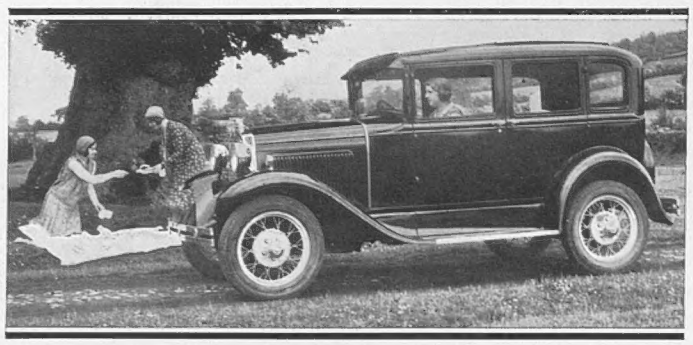
# The PETROL World —

*(Continued from preceding page)*

was that he was not driving himself. I should certainly be very surprised if I heard that he ever looked upon speed as being in itself dangerous or something which should be shunned. In other words, I am convinced that we have a Minister of Transport who is definitely modern in his ideas, and who will not allow the coils of red tape in Whitehall to strangle his energy. At the same time he is a Minister who will not allow much leniency to be exercised where a motorist is definitely at fault.

***WANTED—A NEW PAINT.***—The 1931 Olympia Show is close approaching and there, of course, we can see all the new 1932 models and a whole host of new accessories and gadgets; but there is one thing which, I think, would rejoice motorists more than anything else, and that would be to see exhibited there a new paint or finish of some kind that was impervious to the weather. Not many years ago cars were all painted as in the days of carriages and horses; then everyone switched over to the fabric-covered body, one reason given for the change being the rapidity and facility with which it could be cleaned. In actual practice the fabric body is, I think, more difficult to wash than any kind of paint that has been or ever will be produced. A little later, cellulose paint became the craze and, to-day, eight out of ten cars are finished in this way. It is certainly quick to apply and is, therefore, looked upon with great favour by the makers of cars. Scratches can be removed from it by the owner-driver with the application of a fair amount of elbow-grease, and we are told that its shiny surface is not impaired by being dry-cleaned, but cellulose paint is still very far from being the ideal finish. A car has to be left out for only a moment or two in a shower of rain when hours of work will be found necessary to restore it to its pristine glory. In this country where the weather is so uncertain, it would seem that there is a wonderful opportunity for someone to produce a paint or covering of some description for a car that will allow it to be cleaned and made to look respectable as quickly and as easily as is to-day the case with chromium plate. The problem is surely not too difficult, in fact I should think it was easier than that which confronted those responsible for producing chromium-plated goods.



**PICNIC IN A FORD:** A charming scene in the Wye Valley. In the old days, when Fords were a jest, no one denied their extraordinary qualities of reliability and non-stoppability; today, those qualities are every bit as present while the jests are as out of date as the models that inspired them

***FREE WHEELS.***—It is a matter of great interest to learn that the American Motor Industry has taken to the free-wheel in all seriousness. Three or four years ago certain sections of the British Motor Trade not only experimented with the device, but in more than one case actually fitted it on one or other of their standard models. A certain amount of trouble was experienced, but I doubt whether this was the real cause of the whole idea being dropped by the trade. Such troubles as were experienced could easily have been put right, but if I can judge from my own driving on a free-wheel car the reason for its disappearance was that people did not like the sound of their cars when the back wheels could revolve without any connection with the engine. Supposing I wish to cruise along at a steady 40 m.p.h., which I think most motorists aim at, at present the noise of the exhaust and of the engine is constant and, therefore, more or less pleasant, but with a free wheel fitted the driver must continually allow his engine revs. to drop and then to speed them up again, which means the engine and exhaust noise rising and falling whilst the speed of the car remains more or less the same. This becomes quite irritating, and considerably mars the pleasure of motoring.

***BY THE WAY.***—Flying Officer E. C. T. Edwards, R.A.F., and Flight-Lieut. F. G. Gibbons, D.F.C., who came first and second in the King's Cup Air Race on Saturday, both flew machines lubricated with Wakefield Castrol Oil.

**HIGH GAIETY AT A FAMOUS SWISS PLAGE:** Jests have often been cast at the Swiss Navy because the country has no coastline, but the shores of Lake Leman offer sport as fine as any seaside *plage*. This picture shows a cheery vignette of life at Lausanne-Ouchy, where all manner of attractions are arranged for the visitor

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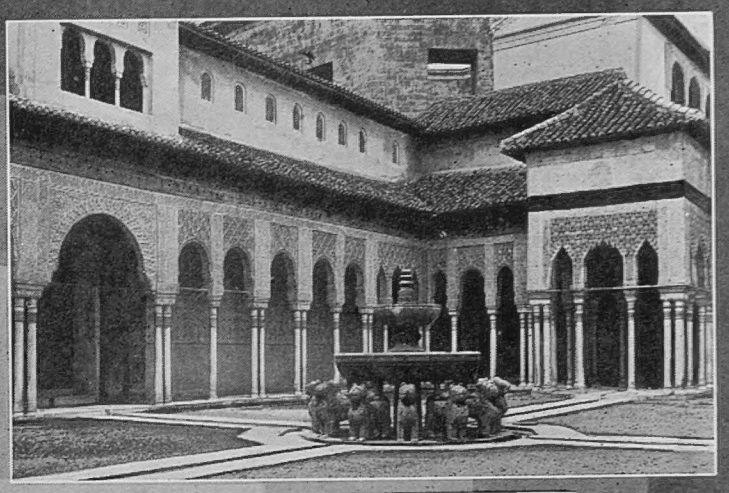
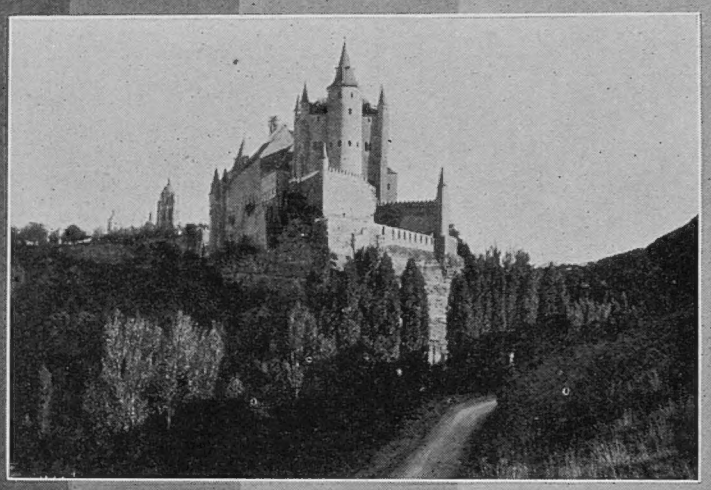
# BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

*An aspect of the Monastery of ESCORIAL.*

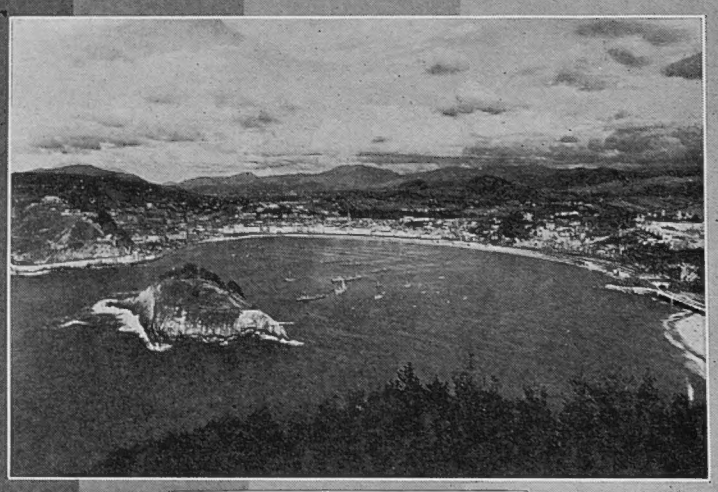


*GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.*



*SEGOVIA. The Castle.*

*SANTANDER. Polo Field.*



*SAN SEBASTIAN. From Monte Igueldo.*

*MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.*

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# CRISIS AT CARTHAGE . . . .

*A drama of suspense and two-fold sacrifice when Baal's Altars ran red with blood*

SOME OF THE CONTENTS OF THE AMAZING AUGUST ISSUE

"BLACK IVORY," *by C. Fox Smith*
"THE SPIDER AND BRUCE," *by Owen Archer*
"THE HAUT MONDE OF CROOKDOM," *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"A WOMAN OF PARTS," *by George Froxfiela*
"STRATOPLANING WITH PICCARD," *by Feratnana Tuohy*
"THE RACKETEERS," *by Dudley Sturrock*
"CRISIS AT CARTHAGE," *by Fletcher Alten*
"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE STORY OF CAGLIOSTRO, THE LAST OF THE GREAT SORCERERS," *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY," *by Gordon Beckles*
"STARS—OR METEORS?" *by Sydney Tremayne*
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"CHEAP DAY," *by Pamela Frankau*
"THE SNAKE CHARMERS," *by Eleanor Elsner*
A USEFUL ENSEMBLE FOR THE COUNTRY-WOMAN OR GOLFER
"PLAN THEIR HOLIDAYS, TOO!" *by Carol Avis*
"NEW WAYS WITH FRUIT," *by A. M. Norton*
SWEETS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
"ALTERNATIVES FOR AUGUST," *by A. H. Aaair*
"HOLIDAY FIRST AIDS," *by "Chrysis"*

Barca sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it.

On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head.

The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

"They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."

"That," she replied, "is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man—."

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

"Untamed still, are you?" he whispered. "Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the women who had waited to amuse him.

"Here," he cried, "take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, "lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

"Bring me music and dancers!" he cried, when one answered the gong. "And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city!"

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered . . . .

In CRISIS AT CARTHAGE, *by Fletcher Allen.*

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